

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

### CHAPTER VII.

SACHARISSA looked at her watch. "We have another hour before tea," she said. "Shall we go down the lane again? I do want to see whether they have found their fishing-rods."

"I expect there have been developments," said the Ambassador as they recrossed the bridge; "round the Exotic things seldom stand still."

"How does he manage it?" she asked. "He never seems to move himself."

"Never, if he can help it," he admitted, "and that, I think, is the secret. His whole attitude of life is a constant reminder to others that their own energy is comparatively untiring, and they are so impressed that they hasten to put it at his disposal." The Ambassador paused to light a cigarette before he went on. "If, as you suggested a little time ago, you were to keep the three of them in a large nursery without anyone to help you, you would find yourself a very hard-worked person."

The Ambassador seemed to speak with feeling. Sacharissa laughed. "I corrected myself and said *studio*," she said; "it makes a good deal of difference. They would do things in a studio," she added vaguely. The Ambassador appeared not quite to

understand. "I mean," she went on, "the Poet could write poems, and the Mime could rehearse, and the Exotic—" she paused; it was not quite clear what the Exotic could do. "The Exotic could paint perhaps!" She looked at him doubtfully to see what he thought of the suggestion.

The Ambassador was much amused. "I am afraid not," he returned. "The utmost that he would do would be to make himself comfortable with plenty of cushions. Art and cushions are practically synonymous with him. When he was quite comfortable he would ask you to fetch things."

They had paused, as if by mutual consent, to discuss this important problem, and were standing at the bottom of the yew-alley. A light breeze wafted towards them the subtle fragrance of Sacharissa's roses, and their eyes obeyed the call; they looked along between the dark green walls to the fountain with its marble figures half hid in a mist of spray and to the rose-bushes beyond it, a bank of many-coloured blossoms that closed the vista.

"Ought not the umpires to inspect the prize?" suggested the Ambassador.

"It isn't picked yet," Sacharissa admitted.

"That is a duty that should not be neglected," he said.

"There are scissors and a basket in the summer-house," she replied, and he hurried off to fetch them.

When he returned he found her contemplating a magnificent damask rose. "That ought to be the prize," she said doubtfully.

"An emblem of its giver," murmured the Ambassador with a look as of one who searches his memory.

Sacharissa cut the rose with a touch of defiance. "The basket, please," she said.

The Ambassador held it out. "An oriental beauty," he observed regarding the dusky petals. Sacharissa moved on to another bush in disdain. Her next choice was a corpulent cabbage-rose which she offered to him in playful rebuke. "Too Germanic," he remarked as he consigned it to the basket. "Japanese," he commented, still unfavourably, as she snipped the stalk of a tea-rose.

A pure white bud next attracted her attention. "Still in the convent," was his criticism. As he spoke his eye lighted on a half-opened flower beyond. "The prize itself," he exclaimed stretching forth his hand. "White with a faint crimson blush," he added addressing the spray which he bent down for her scissors.

"Since you are satisfied," said Sacharissa with supreme unconcern, "we wont cut any more. Besides we have wasted a lot of time. Will you put these things back in the summer-house, please?"

This was done, and returning to the riverside, they again set off in the direction of the ford. When they were in the lane the Ambassador noticed something. "Surely they cannot have caught enough fish already to be perceptible at this distance?" he said.

Sacharissa relieved his anxiety. "It is only the fish-cart," she explained, as a small hawker's cart came

in view. "It comes round twice a week with mackerel and herrings and things."

The Ambassador's brow cleared. "I was afraid," he said, "that the Exotic might somehow have obtained a net and some men to use it for him. Shall we go in here first and see how the Major is getting on?" They had now reached the gate leading into the second field. They entered and walked across the grass towards the river.

"I can see the Major's rod," she said; "he seems to be still in about the same place."

"Yes, there he is," said the Ambassador, "and there is someone sitting on the bank opposite to him." When they got nearer they found that the seated figure was the Mime who was talking to the Major across the stream. That gentleman was trying to bend a tough and ancient willow to the ground without much success.

"Why not cut it down?" they could hear the Mime say as they got within earshot: "I'll lend you a knife."

The Major's reply caused Sacharissa to look at the Ambassador in comic dismay. "He's become military again," she whispered. Fortunately the Major saw them and reserved his further remarks; he also became apologetic. "There are too many trees by this river," he said. "I've been spending most of my time catching them."

Sacharissa expressed her sympathy and asked if he had caught anything beside.

"One more fingerling," he answered giving the willow another tug.

"Take hold of the line," suggested the Ambassador, "and jerk it a little,—not too hard." The Major made trial of this new method, and the fly came away easily, to his evident surprise.

"It will generally come if it is

not in the wood," the Ambassador explained.

The Mime had sprung to his feet when he heard Sacharissa's voice. He now said in a tragic tone, "A horrible thing has overtaken me." Sacharissa was full of sympathy and asked what it was. "I have lost my memory," he answered in great depression. She looked surprised and he explained. "I was in the middle of my great scene with the sea-serpent, and had just got to the point where I address the monster's head as it emerges from the waves, when the Poet came up to me with some silly question and threw me out completely. I haven't been able to remember a word since."

Sacharissa kept a grave face with an effort. "Why didn't you go on fishing?" she asked. "The words might have come back to you if you had not worried about them."

"Fishing?" repeated the Mime without intelligence as though he did not understand the word. Presently, however, he remembered. "Oh yes, of course," he said; "I meant to fish, but I couldn't find my rod, so I came along here."

Sacharissa felt that at last she might smile lawfully. "Did you look for it?" she questioned.

"Yes," he answered, "I looked for it, and I asked the Poet if he had seen it."

The Mime needed a good deal of prompting now that he had lost his memory. "Had he?" enquired the Ambassador.

"No," replied the Mime in an injured tone, "he was rude. He was writing a poem or something, and he told me not to bother him, and said he knew nothing about my rod and cared less. So I came along and asked the Major,—didn't I?" he appealed across the stream for confirmation.

"Yes, you did," returned the Major with an emphasis that spoke volumes.

"Well, I daresay you'll find it eventually," said the Ambassador.

"I don't think I shall fish any more," answered the Mime oblivious of the fact that he had not fished at all. "I believe—" he added slowly, "I feel almost as if my memory were coming back to me. You have brought it," he cried with sudden conviction to Sacharissa.

"I am so glad," she said retreating a little and glancing at the Ambassador, as she suggested that they ought to be going on.

Before they were quite out of ear-shot they heard the Mime break forth into his interrupted speech.

"O watery monster, whose unending coils  
Embrace the circuit of this mortal globe,  
Attend my words and——"

At this point the Ambassador looked round. The Mime was gesticulating in the direction of the spot where the Major had been standing, while the Major himself was making the best of his way up stream with long hurried strides.

Sacharissa stepped up to her stump again. "The Poet is asleep under a willow," she said looking over the hedge; "I hope he is having a pleasant dream. The Exotic has found some friends, little girls I think, but I can't see very plainly. I believe he's telling them a story, they are all standing round him in a group. I should like to hear the story too," she declared as she jumped down.

They walked quickly along the lane till they were close to the gate. Here they stopped as before, and watched the Exotic and his party.

"These are excellent strawberries," he was saying genially to the tallest of the little girls who seemed to be

about ten years old. "And so, to finish the story, I have only to add that they all lived happily ever afterwards." He ate the last strawberry and smiled benignly on his wondering audience. "And that, children, is the moving history of the Considerate Kurd, or at least such portions of it as an all-wise providence has decreed I should relate unto you. Now, little girl, you may take away the cabbage-leaf in which you will find an adequate recompense."

"Am I *never* to hear that story?" whispered Sacharissa to the Ambassador a little petulantly. The Ambassador took refuge in an apologetic silence.

"It is a common complaint with your sex," continued the Exotic, "that you do not receive the same educational advantages as your brothers." Sacharissa glanced at the Ambassador. "I think I have this day shown my willingness to remove the disability."

The Exotic's eloquence moved the smallest girl to a flood of tears, which her elder sister vainly tried to stem. The Exotic was pained. "I regret," he went on, "that any words of mine should seem a fit subject for lamentation." He paused a moment, but the weeping continued and he resumed his discourse more sternly. "You almost make me regret my well-intentioned effort to remove the disability. The fact that this is the fourth time you have interrupted me with unseemly grief compels me to exclaim with the Placid Pasha in one of those portions of the tale which were too lofty for your comprehension, *I offered the drawer of water a rose, and she besought me for an onion.*"

The weeping now became so vehement that the Exotic ventured on a reproof. "Your brothers," he said, "betrayed no such emotion when I bestowed on them this pearl of narratives."

"Please, sir, they ran away," said the elder sister, as if in explanation.

The Exotic waived the immediate point. "Well, children, let it be a lesson to you; always run away when you perceive the imminence of a tribulation that is beyond your powers of endurance. Even now it is not too late." The hint was not so plain to the children as might have been expected, so the Exotic waved his left hand. "You have my permission to retire," he said in the manner of a potentate. The gesture rather than the words had the desired effect, and the little girls moved away into the meadow, a timorous, backward-glancing band. The Exotic composed himself again to meditation.

"Poor little things," said Sacharissa to the Ambassador.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

AT this moment a loud voice in the field on the other side of the lane caused her to start. "What the devil do you mean by it?" it said among other things less fit to repeat.

"Another military man," observed the Ambassador.

"It is the Squire," whispered Sacharissa in a little flutter of alarm.

"A gentleman sent you, did he?" continued the voice. "Where is he? I shall be glad of a few moment's conversation with that gentleman."

"One of those boys trespassing," murmured Sacharissa. "Oh dear, he will be in the lane in a minute." She looked round for a hiding-place. "I can't meet him," she said nervously; "he becomes so frightfully rude when he is angry."

The Ambassador pointed out a sort of embrasure in the hedge a few yards away, where a projecting bush offered a sufficient concealment. They had hardly taken cover when the voice reached them again, evidently



from the lane itself now. The Ambassador stole a cautious glance round the bush. A tall elderly gentleman in gaiters was striding across the lane dragging by the collar a small boy, who in his turn was dragging a fishing-rod which the Ambassador recognised with some dismay as his own.

"Yes, you take me to him, that's all," said the Squire indignantly as he clambered over the gate still clutching the collar of his captive.

"He'll beat the Exotic," whispered Sacharissa apprehensively out of her knowledge of the Squire.

"I don't think so," returned the Ambassador out of his knowledge of the Exotic. "But if he does, I will go and rescue him. You must not appear in this." Sacharissa looked relieved and grateful.

"May I ask, sir, what is the meaning of this?" they heard the Squire say as an opening.

"You may," replied the Exotic giving the required permission amiably enough. The Ambassador standing on tip-toe could see that he had not altered his position. This answer was apparently not quite what the Squire had expected. It stopped him for a moment, but he presently continued. "What, then, is the meaning of it?" he asked angrily.

The Exotic looked as if he were giving the matter impartial consideration. "Really, you should be a better judge than I," he answered with diffidence; "but if you indeed require my opinion, when I see a large man in apparent disagreement with a small boy, my first impression always is that someone is, or has been, in error."

The Squire was speechless with wrath and amazement. He shook his captive to convince himself that he was awake, and having settled this point he swore a little. Thus

refreshed he stuttered, "This is sheer impertinence."

"It is," the Exotic agreed wearily. "Nothing is so unpardonable socially as to swear at a total stranger."

The Squire swore again, and regarded the Exotic with something like horror. Then it occurred to him that he would gain little by general argument, so he went straight to the point. "Did you send this boy to trespass on my land and poach my trout? Answer me *yes* or *no*, sir."

"I never answer *yes* or *no*," returned the Exotic in a tone of mild firmness; "it is foreign to all my principles, and I was not aware that this was your land."

Sacharissa despite her fears could not prevent a smile. The Squire became confused. "Don't prevaricate, sir," he said stamping his foot. "This is not my land—"

The Exotic made a leisurely interruption. "Then what are you doing on it?" His face became virtuously pained. "Can it be that you are after the trout?"

The Squire became too furious for connected speech, and the Exotic continued his new theory with growing interest. "I see you have brought a boy and a fishing-rod." He addressed the boy. "Is the gentleman trying to persuade you to become a poacher? Do not yield; be firm; you have my moral support."

The Squire released the boy and gasped. "Be calm," said the Exotic who perceived that matters were becoming rather critical. This piece of advice only had the effect of heightening the Squire's complexion and causing him to clench his fists. "In order," continued the Exotic, "to illustrate the ill effects of unconsidered anger I will relate to you a brief excerpt from the history of the Considerate—I shall kick if you do," he concluded abruptly, for the

Squire had taken two steps towards him.

But it is impossible to hit a person effectively when he is lying down on the ground, and the Squire took no more steps. "I shall go up to the Court," he said with determination, "and find out if it is known that a madman is loose on the estate." So saying he turned on his heel.

Sacharissa looked at the Ambassador with round frightened eyes. "He will," she whispered, "if you can't stop him."

The Ambassador nodded quickly and ran to the gate, vaulting it just as the Squire approached. The Exotic saw him not without relief, and extended again the right foot which he had drawn up for the purpose of repelling attacks.

"What is all this about?" asked the Ambassador of the Exotic.

"This gentleman is annoyed about something," he replied; "perhaps you could find out what it is."

The Ambassador turned to the Squire "If I can be of any assistance," he began with a courteous inclination.

The Squire could hardly command his tongue. He muttered something about "Madman—young rascal—poaching."

"I fear I do not quite understand," said the Ambassador.

The Squire was a trifle mollified by his polite tone and explained somewhat curtly. "I don't know what business it is of yours, but this person here," he pointed to the Exotic who smiled sweetly, "has been sending a boy to fish in my water and poach my trout. I came to get an explanation, but he is evidently mad."

The Ambassador's eye compelled speech from the Exotic. "I told the boy to fish," he conceded; "I didn't tell him to go out of this field though."

"Did you know he had gone out of it?" asked the Ambassador.

"No," said the Exotic unwillingly.

"You ought to have seen that he did not," said the Ambassador. Then he turned to the Squire. "I think, sir, that it is obviously an accident. I am certain that my friend," he threw a slight emphasis on the two words, "would not willingly have caused the boy to trespass; indeed, as you have heard, he was not aware that he had done so. Probably too the boy was not aware either," he waved his hand towards the other side of the lane; "I perceive you have no notice-board up. But of course we offer our unreserved apologies. I would not have had such a thing happen for worlds. I disapprove of poaching as strongly as any man."

"So do I," said the Exotic in his most virtuous manner.

The Squire still looked at him suspiciously, but to the Ambassador he was cordial. "Say no more, sir," he said; "that is quite sufficient explanation. I may have been a little hasty, but a man's fishing you know—"

"Quite so," said the Ambassador, "It was very natural. Had I been in your place I should have done just the same. I can assure you that it shall not occur again."

The Squire got over the gate and the Ambassador followed him. "I hope," he said, "you will not take my friend's manner too seriously. He seems a little eccentric to a stranger. It comes from a prolonged residence abroad. And if I might venture to suggest—a notice-board," he concluded with an expressive gesture.

"You are perfectly right," returned the Squire; "I will see to it to-morrow. Good-day to you, glad to have met you," he ended as he opened the gate leading into his own field. The Ambassador raised his hat and returned to Sacharissa.

"You did it splendidly," she said with much approval. "I was afraid it would be impossible, but you found out the way to manage him. You can manage every one," she added involuntarily.

"I wish I could," he returned smiling down at her.

"I think you did," she said smiling too as she followed the suggested point, "that first day, you know."

"That was not management," said the Ambassador; "it was a dispensation of providence."

"You must be very much in providence's confidence then," she declared; "but we ought to be thinking of tea now. Shall we go back? Do you think the others realise that it is tea-time?"

"They are seldom deceived on that point," he said. The appearance of the Poet in front of them seemed to justify the remark. He saw them and waited for them to come up.

"Well, have you caught many trout?" asked Sacharissa.

"No," he answered with regret. "A most extraordinary thing happened to me. I could not dabble because when I had caught a grasshopper I could not find my rod, but just now as I was coming away there it was, sticking up in the grass by my side."

"What were you doing all the time then?" she enquired.

The Poet considered. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I sat down under a tree and I wrote some verses, but what happened after that I can't remember."

"Did you go to sleep?" she suggested.

The Poet looked bewildered. "I wonder if I did," he said. "I have a sort of feeling somehow as if I had been at the sea-side. But I cannot have been surely!" he looked at the Ambassador as if he could enlighten him on the point.

"Hardly," was the amused reply, and the Poet withdrew into himself that he might wrestle with his problem in silence.

At the wicket gate they met the Mime. He greeted them with satisfaction. "I got through the whole scene," he announced.

"Did you find your rod?" asked the Ambassador.

"Rod?" repeated the Mime in a questioning tone. "Oh," he went on almost at once, "I lost it, didn't I? No, I forgot all about it. I wonder if I ought to go back and look for it; do you think I ought?" he appealed hopefully to Sacharissa.

"I shouldn't worry about it now," she said. "Come and have some tea first; you can go and find it afterwards if it hasn't turned up."

At the door of the arbour they found tea ready, and as they were taking their seats the Major crossed the lawn followed at a few yards by the Man of Truth.

"What luck?" asked the Ambassador as they came near.

"I've got one more," answered the Major.

"So have I," said the Man of Truth. "The Scribe has caught a lot and thrown them all in again. I think he's a fool," and with this strong statement he sat down decisively.

The Scribe himself arrived soon afterwards and apologised for being late. He explained that it was not really his fault, but the fault of a trout which had been rising persistently for half an hour and had beguiled him into trying to catch it.

"Well, how many did you get after all?" asked the Ambassador.

"Only three or four little things," he answered settling himself into his chair and taking off his hat.

"Didn't you keep any?" Sacharissa enquired, and the Scribe smiled as he shook his head.

Sacharissa was slightly indignant. "You don't deserve any tea," she said as she passed him a cup. "I don't believe you tried to win the prize at all."

"You can have no idea how hard I tried," he protested politely, but she shook her head incredulous.

"He must have found your rod," said the Ambassador to the Mime gravely, exchanging glances with Sacharissa. The Exotic was crossing the lawn carrying two fishing-rods and a paper parcel.

"I am very sorry," said the new comer to Sacharissa, "but I had an accident with the flower-pot and it rolled into the river." Sacharissa assured him it did not matter. "I've found a fishing-rod," he announced generally to the company.

"It's mine," said the Mime; "where did you find it?"

"Oh, on the bank," he answered vaguely, "lying about."

"What have you got in that parcel?" said the Man of Truth with suspicion.

"Trout," answered the Exotic, "very large fish."

He laid the parcel and the rods on the grass and disposed himself comfortably in his chair. "There is nothing so good as tea after an afternoon's hard work," he declared putting his cup back in the saucer.

"You must appreciate it," said the Ambassador slyly.

"I do," he replied with great content, and a look of mild surprise at Sacharissa whose eyes were dancing with mirth.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"I THINK" said Sacharissa when the Exotic had finally refused a fourth cup of tea, "we ought to inspect the catches now, and see who has won."

The Man of Truth jumped up with

alacrity and fetched his basket, and his example was followed by the Major. They emptied the fish out on to the lawn.

"Mine are bigger," said the Man of Truth.

They looked to the Scribe for an opinion. He gazed thoughtfully at the five little trout. "In quality," he pronounced, "there is nothing to choose between the two baskets. Both defy criticism."

"But in quantity," observed the Ambassador, "the Major excels." The Major pulled his moustache in a satisfied manner.

"Now show yours," said Sacharissa to the Exotic, who rose with reasonable haste and picked up his brown paper parcel.

"They must be a good size," said the Scribe noting the length of the parcel, while the Exotic struggled with a piece of string that was tied tightly round it.

"Where did you get the paper and string?" asked the Man of Truth.

"They were given to me," replied the Exotic, at last overcoming the knot. A fresh layer of paper was revealed beneath the outer covering, and out of this he shook four fish which fell on the grass.

"Those aren't trout," cried the Man of Truth raising his voice amidst the general laughter.

"Yes they are," said the Exotic eyeing them with obvious surprise. "They are rainbow trout."

"Sea-trout perhaps," suggested the Scribe.

The Exotic looked at them doubtfully. "Yes," he said, "I meant sea-trout."

"No, they're not sea-trout," said the Major in a decided tone.

"I think," the Exotic paused for inspiration. "I think they must be chevrens." He looked round to see if his suggestion found favour but

encountered only incredulous merriment. "They were very difficult to catch," he added to strengthen his position.

"They're mackerel," shouted the Man of Truth, who had been searching his memory to find out where he had seen such fish before.

A look of intense injury came over the Exotic's face. "He said he had caught them with a worm," he complained, "and I paid sixpence each for them." He sighed deeply at the revelation of human baseness.

"Don't you know a mackerel when you see it?" asked the Ambassador.

"Yes," said the Exotic, "but I didn't see these, they were in the paper when he brought them. I could feel they were fish and that there were four of them, so I didn't worry."

"Who brought them?" asked the Man of Truth.

"The boy," answered the Exotic, and he forthwith became silent paying no attention to the Man of Truth's enquiry as to the boy's identity.

Sacharissa felt it was due to the company that the matter should be cleared up, so she requested the Ambassador to explain it. He accordingly gave some account of the Exotic's more barefaced proceedings, and drew a vivid picture of the three small boys fishing in a row under the direction of the recumbent figure on the mound. He also mentioned the fish-cart, which caused the Exotic to nod his head in sad comprehension.

"So that's how he came to find my rod," said the Mime when the story was done. He turned a wrathful gaze upon the Exotic who attempted to justify himself.

"You know you didn't want it," he pleaded, "and besides I sent it back afterwards, but the boy could not find you. He returned the Poet's all right. And now will you give me my prize, please?" He addressed

himself persuasively to Sacharissa who shook her head laughing.

"You are incorrigible," she said. "I've a good mind to make you go and catch four real trout all by your self and stay there till you do." The Exotic's face displayed genuine alarm.

"The term of his natural life, or during the Queen's pleasure," commented the Scribe. He asked the Ambassador a question. "What meaning precisely does the word *umpire* convey to you?"

The Ambassador smiled at him. "An umpire," said he, "is one who adjudicates the prize."

"A pleasant and not too laborious office," commented the Scribe smiling in his turn.

The Ambassador admitted it gracefully. "It seems then," he deferred to Sacharissa, "that the Major wins. Pray accept my congratulations," he said pleasantly to the victor who pulled his moustache with both hands, and looked with expectation towards Sacharissa. She smilingly held out the coveted rose-bud for his acceptance.

"Go, lovely rose," murmured the Scribe. Sacharissa looked at him quickly but his face was impassive.

The Exotic, who was looking at the little basket of flowers from which she had selected the rose-bud, murmured something about "consolation prize."

"Not to you at any rate," said the Man of Truth; "you tried to cheat."

Sacharissa did not appear to contemplate offering a prize to the Man of Truth, but she looked down at the flowers thoughtfully.

The Ambassador divined her thoughts. "The only people who could reasonably put in a claim," he said, "would be the Exotic's victims, who were unable to fish because he took away their rods."

Sacharissa made a little gesture of assent and the Ambassador continued

in his best judicial manner. "Even they should give some sign that they have not passed their afternoon unprofitably."

The Mime was ready at once. "I can recite my address to the sea-serpent," he said, "I know it by heart now. Oh, watery monster, whose—" the Ambassador stopped him with his hand.

"That, I fear, could hardly count," he said, "and besides we have already heard it before, most of us." The Mime retired into himself with a look of indignant surprise.

"The poem," suggested Sacharissa.

"I was thinking of it," said the Ambassador looking at the Poet who had seemed abstracted ever since tea began. "Read it to us, will you?" he asked him.

The Poet roused himself from his reverie and felt for his notebook. While he was searching he said, "You know, I said I felt as if I had been at the sea-side." Sacharissa signified her remembrance of his words. "Well, it has all come back to me now," he went on; "I will tell you if you like."

"Read the poem first, and tell the story afterwards," the Ambassador suggested.

"What did he say about being at the sea-side?" asked the Man of Truth. "He hasn't been there for years, I know."

"The extent of your knowledge," said the Scribe with crushing effect, "can only be measured by your generosity in imparting it." The Man of Truth became silent in order to think it wrathfully out, while the Poet read his poem.

"TO A DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

To woo the frolic fancy of his maid  
The lover weaves his lure; though full  
revealed  
His simple guile, she strives not to  
evade

Knowing her captor captive if she yield.  
Thou wert once living, jewel of the  
mead,  
And I did court thee; ill my chase has  
sped,  
For thou didst 'scape and mock me in  
my need,  
And, being taken, art for ever fled.  
It was at Sacharissa's bidding that I  
strove  
To win her prize, the emblem of herself;  
And for my toil here lies my treasure  
trove,  
Thy tiny broken body, insect elf.  
All cold, an emblem thou of fleeting  
pleasure,  
Whose captor only sorrow's depth shall  
measure."

Sacharissa was frankly bewildered as to the Poet's meaning. She looked round to see if she had any companions in perplexity, and was relieved to find that she formed one of a substantial majority.

"Please tell us the answer," said the Exotic, who, not so conscious as some of the others of the profanity of probing the unintelligible, thought it was a riddle. The Poet saw no necessity for an answer either to the poem or to the Exotic.

"Do you mean," demanded the Man of Truth, "that the grasshopper was the prize, or the emblem, or Sacharissa, or what?" The Major's face expressed indignant horror at the last suggestion, and he looked at the unfortunate Poet with the air of a loaded cannon. The Ambassador proved with a wave of his hand the absolute impossibility of such a suggestion.

The Poet turned a face of penitence towards Sacharissa; it was evident that somehow he had wrapped up his point too closely. She felt a little compunction, but would not yield her right to be perplexed. "You have mixed us up a little, haven't you?" she suggested.

"He can't have a prize then either," said the Man of Truth with gloomy



satisfaction. The Scribe's shaft still rankled.

The Poet would not be comforted. He tore the offending paper out of his note-book and made as if to destroy it.

"No," said Sacharissa quickly, "don't do that, give it to me." He hesitated, but she held out her hand with an imperious little gesture and he obeyed. "I didn't mean it really," she said when she had gained her point. "I shall keep it; it is too pretty to destroy." She elaborately did not notice the Scribe who was looking at her with interested amusement. "And now," she went on, "tell us about the sea-side. Was it a dream?"

"I suppose it was," said the Poet, "but I am not sure; it is still so vivid." He shuddered a little. "I can see it all exactly as if it had really happened." He paused a moment to collect his thoughts. Then in a low tone he began to speak dreamily as though he had forgotten his audience. "I stood on the deserted beach below the village. It was nearly midnight, and the sky was clouded. The waves crept up sullenly, and as I watched it seemed as though some presence was beside me, some malevolent presence that boded ill. I turned away and passed up through the narrow streets where no one knew me or marked my passing. Perhaps they saw me not, as I saw not the thing that followed me; and my dread grew. Up and up I went till I had scaled the cliff that looked out over the troubled sea, and still it came with me.

"Presently, far out, there came a rift in the dark canopy of threatening cloud, and the moonlight shone through making a patch of silver splendour in the midst of the gloom. Then the presence passed beyond me, and as it passed I seemed to see some-

thing arise from the abyss from the very spot where the moon kissed the waters. It took shape, the shape of a vast skeleton hand, that clutched in its grip of death a brown-sailed ship. Then they sank together below the waves.

"The rift closed and the light vanished. I looked down into the bay below and, behold, the fishing-fleet was setting forth, and among the rest was a brown-sailed ship. Then I cried in my fear, and awoke. And I know that some day I shall see that village and that ship; but—" the Poet sighed.

For a moment there was a silence about him, till the Man of Truth broke it. "That's not much of a dream," he said; "why, it wasn't even about yourself. I don't see much point in having nightmares about other people. I never do."

The Scribe smiled; but Sacharissa was still impressed. "How terrible," she said with a little superstitious thrill. "Oh, if you are ever there you must warn them."

"I shall never know till too late," murmured the Poet darkly.

"But you must remember," she insisted.

"Would a warning prevent them from going out," said the Ambassador, "even if it could be given? Even if fate warns, we cannot avoid fate."

Woman-like Sacharissa was rebellious against fate at once. But the Major, obedient to her seriousness, sided with the Ambassador. "It wouldn't do any good," he said. "I've known fellows dream they were going to be killed before they went into action, but they had to go of course all the same. Duty is duty," he added, with a soldier's apology for speaking of grave matters. "But," his voice became more hopeful, "they weren't always killed, you know."

"Still he should warn them," suddenly exclaimed the Mime. "He should stand upon the pier and—" he flung out his hand in a magnificent gesture of command.

The Man of Truth laughed. "You'd better go and help him," he suggested. "Make a tour of it."

The picture called up by the Mime moved Sacharissa to a smile; but the Poet was still melancholy. She remembered the conditions and glanced at the Ambassador, who looked suggestively at the red rose. "Yes, I think he deserves it," she said, and was about to present it to the abstracted Poet.

The Exotic saw the movement, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner. "I too have dreamed," he began impressively. The Scribe smiled again. The Exotic was not going to lose the prize without one more struggle. At this moment he wore an anxious expression. Sacharissa looked at him interrogatively.

"Yes, I too have dreams," he admitted, "and the story brought back to my memory one I had a few nights ago." He gave a good imitation of the Poet's shudder. "I hope I sha'n't have it again," he said earnestly.

"What was it?" asked Sacharissa.

"It was close to the hour of midnight," began the Exotic impressively, "and I stood alone and yet not alone among the serried throng. Opposite to me flared the unearthly lights of the Criterion. Past me hurried carriages and cabs taking the world of fashion and beauty back from its theatre, forth to its dance. It was strange to feel that I had no part in these things, that I was but some astral body through whom the unthinking mob might pass at pleasure, a shade, a thing of nought." The

Exotic's voice became slightly tremulous with self-pity. "But I stood and watched. Then on a sudden fear seized me, fear of something I knew not. I turned and sped away up Regent Street, past the Café Royal, past Liberty's, past all the spots I knew in life, recking not of aught save that behind me was some terror from which I must fly. Breathless I reached Oxford Circus and plunged madly across hoping that in Langham Place I should rid me of my unseen but implacable foe. But no, fear came upon me worse than ever, and I stumbled on until I could go no further. I saw that I had reached the Queen's Hall, and completely exhausted I sank down in one of its dark entrances. Hardly had I done so when opposite to me I saw the thing that pursued me, a pale figure with features set in stony vengeance. In its hand it held something with which, I could see, it sought my life. I tried to cry out but my tongue was tied, and then—" the Exotic paused.

"And then?" asked the Poet who had been listening with interest.

"And then I woke up," said the Exotic with relief.

"So you don't know what happened after all?" asked Sacharissa disappointed.

"No, but I can guess," said the Exotic darkly, "I recognised the figure and the thing in its hand." The Ambassador and the Scribe exchanged a glance, but the others were hanging on the Exotic's lips.

"It was," said the Exotic slowly and distinctly, "the wraith of the Conscientious Curate, and in its hand was the wraith of the Superfluous Umbrella."

Nevertheless it was the Poet who received the red rose.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE Order in Council, promulgated in March, 1902, which provided for the establishment of a register for teachers, achieved more than its ostensible object. Among ulterior effects the most signal was its success in lifting the question of the training of secondary teachers out of the region of pious opinions and fortuitous experiments into the arena of practical life. This was shewn by the rapidity and zeal with which old educational institutions, judging with unusual perception how things were going, enlarged their borders to meet the fresh demand, and by the spirit of hopefulness in which new educational establishments were erected. Yet just as the body is not the man in his entirety, just as the visible building is not everything contained in the meaning of the word theatre, so secondary training departments and colleges are not the very last of education's needs. The problem of training still awaits solution. Nothing (and for this we may be thankful) is stereotyped past the hope of reconsideration; those who have to do the work, stumbling no doubt grievously by the way, differ not less concerning ends than means. As for the Man in the Street, he has hardly turned his light and vagrant attention to the matter at all, an odd fact, when one comes to consider it, if he be really as interested, as stirred to the foundations of his being by the educational problem as some of his ostensible representatives say he is. Nor is he the only person who acts, as one might say, unexpectedly. Those more vitally, or at any rate

more materially, concerned, the intending members of the teaching profession show a lack of interest, a deficient understanding, and sometimes, where these are absent, a spirit of almost defiant amusement.

Yet one point at least the Register has settled definitely,—the equality, for purposes of recognition, of knowledge and of skill in handling knowledge. In the old days, when training was the hobby of the few, when those who had learned from Pestalozzi, from Herbart, and from many another, were but isolated voices crying in the wilderness, the students, fewer still, who listened and profited, were confronted with a question which arose mainly out of financial considerations. Having decided that the voices cried truly, these students consulted the length of their own purses; and some of them discovered the very obvious truth that necessity for expenditure does not inevitably increase the amount which can be spent. Hence, they weighed the advantages of an academic degree against that of a teaching diploma; in other words they balanced the value of knowledge against the value of skill in handling knowledge. It was nobody's fault, perhaps, if some of them, if many indeed, decided in favour of skill, and spent at a training college that third year which should have been devoted to the acquisition of further knowledge and of an academic degree.

The Register has pronounced the verdict, and there is no longer a choice. The two necessary ingredients in adequate fitness are no

longer to strive for the mastery. A degree, or success in some specified examination of recognised value, and the training diploma are henceforth two out of the qualifications required from all teachers whose names will be entered on the Register.

Exactly how the purses aforesaid are to be lengthened in order to meet the new requirements is so far an unsettled question. It is conceivable that County Councils and other public bodies will raise funds for scholarships. Yet, unless education is to be made universally free, there seems no cogent argument in favour of a general endowment of the topmost storey in the educational building. Scholarships will only, as in other departments of education, concern the few. Like other governmental changes, this one will lead probably to a general re-arrangement of views. In the majority of instances fore-warning will be fore-arming. It is the sudden payment which wrecks most hopes, not that which has been foreseen through many years. However it comes, it is bound to come, if the population keeps on growing. The attitude of defiance is not likely to last. The Register may remain in its present non-compulsory state, which is not a very probable contingency; but even if it did, some teachers are enrolled, more will be, and with no definite intention, but none the less surely, there will grow up gradually in the mind of what is called the general public a belief that those who are on it are in some way of more distinction than those who are not. Thus we may conclude without much fear of contradiction that training is with us henceforth in perpetuity.

The general arguments in favour of training are perhaps not widely realised; where they are, they are sometimes shelved and finally forgotten. The age professes to have discarded

dogma, yet lives by it in all directions, if forgetting the arguments and clinging to conclusions be a dogmatic state. In a matter like the professional training of teachers, where even the conclusions have been disregarded, it would be wonderful indeed were the underlying reasons clear in the general mind. Without attempting in any way to settle the old dispute concerning the meaning of the terms science and art, we may claim that teaching is both. Every one will admit that teaching is an active pursuit; the teacher is doing something, in fact he is making something. When anyone wishes to make a thing he requires knowledge of two sorts; he needs to understand the nature of the substance to be handled, and the best means of handling it. Suppose the substance to be that which the teacher is called upon to handle, the human mind. He ought to know the nature of that mind, what we might call the germ of mind in the average human child; he ought to know the laws of growth governing the development of the raw into the mature mind; he ought to know the laws which govern the normal mind when it is mature; he ought to know the nature and operation of the emotions and passions which sway and alter the mind; and, once more, he ought to know something of the effect of environment upon the mind.

All that is the business of science, mainly of psychology. He then turns to the second part of his task, the right handling of his material. Basing everything now on the science which he has acquired, which rests on experience (his own which he has gathered, and that of others so far as it can be communicated to him), he builds up an art.

If this be true, here at once is the best of all arguments for training. Neither art nor science comes to us

by nature. We cannot argue that the art of teaching is peculiar. It is not, except in the treatment which it has hitherto received. Any artificer who uses raw materials must serve an apprenticeship. The navigator of a ship, the driver of an engine has learned his trade in a period of training; the surgeon requires not only the kind of knowledge which can be gathered from diagrams and the pages of a book, but the skill which is born gradually of supervised practice.

There is a second reason, which may be called economic, the reason of waste. We have discovered, in another region, that raw materials and human bodies are too valuable to be squandered; much more therefore we cannot afford to waste minds. Waste begets itself. It is an old platitude that every individual's influence is wide-reaching. Nowhere is personal influence more important than when it is a teacher's, a fact disregarded by some parents in most surprising fashion. All of us admit that every person with crude notions and ill-adapted methods is injuring himself; he is cheating himself of his own opportunities. But if he be a teacher of children, he is doing far worse than that, he is damaging others as well; and, worst of all, he is teaching them to go on in the same path. In such a case, error seems to enjoy a kind of geometrical progression.

The third reason in favour of training may be called the reason of progress. When any branch of human activity is recognised as a trade or profession, then directly there grows up among the members of it an *esprit de corps*, till gradually a sort of tradition gathers about it. Finally, there comes to be a body of practice, based partly on theory, partly on experience, which can be

increased and corrected. There is a chance that mere continuance in one groove may be thenceforward avoided in that profession.

In the earlier days, when nothing particular was thought or said by ordinary people about education, and what was written by extraordinary people was for the most part neglected, only the extremely enthusiastic or the unusually illuminated took any vast amount of trouble to inquire why they did what they did. But now that something will really be expected of the teacher, the whole body will surely be inspired to discover what has been already thought or discovered, and if possible to add to it. As Dr. Creighton has said, "The surest sign of social progress is increasing interest in the generation that is to come."

At first sight it may seem unnecessary to argue in favour of training; it must seem strange and anomalous that any opponents to it can be found. Nevertheless, many are forthcoming, nor are these always the least enthusiastic, the least well-informed supporters of education. Yet, when their objections are examined and sifted, they will be found to be directed, almost invariably, against special theories of training, or against special institutions for it already existing. When the genuine teacher is found to decry training it will most probably appear that he, or she, is remembering some more than usually futile colleague, full to the brim of the shibboleths of the training college, but hopelessly incapable when faced with the actual duties and routine of school life. This trained incapable is so singularly irritating that it is not remarkable if the successful teacher forgets for the moment the successive steps of his own observation, effort, and failure which have made him what he is, and



which were, if not nominally yet in effect, training, and that of a costly kind.

Stripped of all adventitious considerations of particular institutions and individuals, the question of training the teacher cannot surely admit of any answer but the affirmative. In no other walks of life is the novice, unless he be a veritable genius, welcomed as a practitioner.

It is a curious feature of our past history that statesmen and teachers have been untrained. At the foundation of every nation's welfare are its children. Its policy and government are, or should be, the finest fruit, the crown of its life; and yet, at these two ends, so to speak, of our national edifice, we have consigned our interests into the hands of people who for the most part have been at once learned and untrained.

The circumstances of to-morrow in the international outlook are not those of yesterday; our past practice, canonised in the happy phrase of "muddling through," no longer inspires general confidence. We want something, or we think we do, which hitherto we have not had. In education the prophets of the moment say it is training. Then, if we are to have training, can we mitigate some part if not of the past, yet of the future prejudice against it, by securing some idea of what the training of teachers can effect, and what it cannot?

First of all, to use an expressive, if inelegant, proverb, it cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; it cannot make base material fine, though it can achieve something not inconsiderable in the matter of refining, nor can it make a person with no gift for teaching a teacher.

There are people who maintain that a teacher, as truly as a poet, is born and not made. Without endorsing

this proposition,—which driven to its logical extremity would condemn at least ninety-nine out of every hundred children to go without a teacher—we may admit that there is a great, if hardly goodly, company of people offering to teach their neighbours who by the constitution of their characters, dispositions, and intellects are totally incapable of performing such work satisfactorily. Now in these cases training can at the very best only put on a sort of outside gloss, which delays the moment of detection a little longer than unassisted nature might have done. Whether this is, or is not, a benefit is a problem which may be left to experts,—in one hardly knows what.

But this fact remains; those whom nature has decreed shall not be, training cannot make teachers. So far as the general public can be said to have known, or not to have known, anything about training, this elementary fact may be said to have escaped its recognition. If the Man in the Street thinks anything at all about the training of teachers, he puts it in that mental pigeon-hole where he keeps such matters as the training of cooks. And this leads us to consider another result which training cannot effect; it cannot give infallible recipes for all possible contingencies which may arise. Some people seem to fancy that a Master or Mistress of Method can dictate to an eager band of students a list of universally applicable prescriptions much as a cook could reel off to his assistants a number of directions for the making of dishes, or at any rate as a physician could suggest to listening chemists definite combinations of drugs for the treatment of certain cases of disease. But as a matter of fact, he or she can do no such thing at all. Their function is rather to unfold the principles of mental development, to indi-



cate the consequences of that infinite variety of temperament and disposition which a school of children exhibit. Training, in its most important function, deals rather with the general than with the particular. The need is not that young teachers should be led to one method of universal application, but to divers methods of handling one and the same subject, among which they must choose as they are guided by the requirements of particular instances, and to a variety of plans, skilfully individualised at necessity's bidding, sometimes beforehand in the quiet of leisure, sometimes on the spur of the all-devouring moment. It is desirable also that training should bring them to see, what the inexperienced learn slowly and with pain, that the problem to be dealt with is highly individualised units combined into a whole, not an expanse of homogeneous constituents.

Then, again, it is sometimes supposed that discipline can be taught. The word *discipline* is used as inaccurately as any word that can be found. In the narrow, and wholly inadequate, sense of the word, outward order and quietness, we will consider it first. This state is, of course, absolutely essential before any one can begin to teach. The teacher's main business, his ultimate purpose, is so to present to the minds of his pupils some new perception that it may call up in their minds old perceptions (related to it) which, at some former time they have assimilated, and which now are among their accumulated stock of ideas; it is his business to help them to see the relation between the new and the old, and finally to assign to the new its place among the old. This, in pedagogic language, is known as *apperception*. Writing about this process, Dr. Lange has observed most

truly, "A certain bodily and mental tranquillity is then necessary to re-establish the equilibrium between the various psychical elements if an unbiassed apprehension of the new is to follow," a somewhat roundabout way, those unacquainted with pedagogy may think, of telling us that we cannot learn in a tumult. There can be neither bodily nor mental tranquillity in a class-room where disorder is triumphant. The least experienced can realise that no child is likely to apprehend, for instance, the equality of the three interior angles of a triangle to two right angles, or the reason for Henry the Second's institution of a system of itinerant justices, if the teacher's observations, perhaps otherwise luminous, are perpetually interrupted by injunctions to his class to keep quiet. Elementary as even this power is, so elementary that some deny to it the title of discipline at all, the reality of it, as apart from the idea, is exceedingly difficult to impart to any one who has not the instinct for it. A few obvious suggestions can be made, as for instance that it is unwise to allow notorious comrades in evil to sit side by side; but anybody who needs to have so palpable a truth indicated is in no danger of learning to keep even external order. A minimum of ordinary sense and perception must be required even from candidates for the teaching profession.

Probably no one has ever discovered the reason why the mere appearance of one person is the signal for instant quiet, that of another the joyful herald (to the children at least) of stir, increasing gradually to a positive racket. Yet these things are matters of fact. Discipline, in this higher sense,—the order which is not a bodily attitude but an inward state—this seems

to be the result of an unanalysed, probably unanalysable gift. It cannot be taught; it is an incommunicable secret. The establishment of a training college by every County, Urban, and Borough Council would not add one to the number of those able to wield it.

To sum up then: training cannot make a good teacher out of those whom nature has made totally unfit; it cannot foresee every possible contingency near and remote, and plan a course of action suitable to it; it cannot even confer the power of outward order, though in fruitful soil it may, even in this difficult part of the work, sow some good seeds by means of suggestion; it cannot give the high serene power of discipline, nor suggest likely means of obtaining it to those to whom nature has denied it. But though all that may be admitted, there is still considerable scope for the trainer of teachers. Many of his duties are, no doubt, pedestrian enough; his career may know little encouragement and show no brilliancy, but his work is worth doing if only he can keep himself from believing that everything has been discovered already, and that experiment is useless.

First of all then, training can stimulate the young teacher. When a neophyte becomes acquainted with the theories of those who have preceded him; when he realises the extraordinary success, for instance, of Vittorino da Feltre at the Court of Mantua in the fourteenth century; when he perceives the solid wisdom underlying Locke's guarded enthusiasm concerning a gentleman's upbringing; when he encounters the unquenchable philanthropy of Pestalozzi,—“I myself lived like a beggar that I might teach beggars to live like men”; when he feels the verity that

underlies the pedagogic terminology of Herbart,—then surely he will perceive that this business into which he has drifted, or to which he has been called, is after all not a poor thing, but a matter of moment. As he counts the steps up which his predecessors have climbed, and realises the distance which lies between the highest step on which, thanks to them, he stands and the top of ultimate achievement, it is possible the spark from heaven may fall.

No doubt it may be argued that the experienced teacher appreciates all this old-time work more than the neophyte can. But that does not prove that the neophyte gains nothing, nor is he debarred from going again over the ground, when he himself has gathered experience. Then, again, training ought to sweep away the sort of method which approaches to the cookery recipe type, the frequent use of which in the past does in a measure justify the public expectation now. There is no such thing as a universal method, as there is a universal recipe for the cooking of well-brought-up potatoes. No person can tell another what to do in all imaginable circumstances; but that does not involve the abandonment of all method. By mere negation training can do much in correcting common faults, the commission of which helps to make so many ineffective teachers. For example, as the untrained actor turns his back obstructively to the audience, so does many an inexperienced teacher turn his back on his class when he writes on the blackboard. By effectually preventing the children from seeing the board, he positively encourages them to the disorder which his position will further prevent him from noticing.

In a more positive fashion,—in the matter, for instance, of arranging the

lessons—training may do much. It can suggest the meaning of light and shade in a lesson; it can suggest that related matters should be treated synchronously, that it is a pity if a class study the reign of Edward the First in its history lesson, and Burke's speech on Conciliation with America in the time set apart for literature; it can suggest that a lesson should neither overwhelm the growing mind by its abundance nor starve a growing intelligence by its meagreness. These may seem matters of common sense; but for all that, in drawing attention to these and a multitude of similar points, training performs a most useful function, for the plain and obvious reason that sense has never been common except nominally, and that the opposites of these wise ways are in general use.

Training can go further than the inculcation of precept in hypothetical cases. It can criticise performance, it can take the circumstances of palpable failure, and demonstrate then and there why failure ensued and not success. No one can deny the usefulness of that; it is as salutary as it is unpleasant. And, again, training can bring psychology from the academic heights to the precincts of the natural child's life. A gardener would not cultivate a vegetable profitably if he were ignorant of its natural habits; and the teacher is not more blessed in this than the gardener, but needs every whit as much to know the laws of his plant's being.

Possibly, to the general public, all this does not sound very attractive, may sound indeed not unlike the result of a distinguished personage's pig-shearing. Reduced to print, it hardly does itself justice. The very gifted may not need such lowly assistance, but they are few in every

profession; the absolutely ungifted cannot profit, but they are, by hypothesis, to be weeded out. There remains the great mass, the average men and women who will not initiate wise ways nor salutary reforms, but who can assimilate sensible notions, high ideas, sound methods, when they are suggested to them, and not till then. An average man or woman of necessary education can be taught to teach, not brilliantly, not originally perhaps, but a great deal more effectively than many teachers are doing to-day, just as much as an average man of necessary education can be trained to be not a great physician but a useful general practitioner, not a lord chancellor, but a good every-day lawyer, not a brilliant inventor, but a sound engineer. The point is that there are not enough of the exceptionally gifted in any walk of life to fill every place; we must fall back on the average mass. In the matter of education, at least, we do not improve that mass by leaving it in ignorance of the work of its predecessors, innocent of all knowledge of the structure and development of the human mind, unpractised in every-day method.

Besides making training compulsory, or practically so, the Register may have another result. At present, it is hardly too much to say that the teaching is the Lazarus of the professions; the Register will, it is to be hoped, improve matters in this respect. It is as well to clear up what is meant by this. It will be rather a change in public opinion than in the *personnel* of the profession, at any rate, so far as women are concerned, and in the higher walks. Abler women than the ablest already there cannot be attracted; there are none abler outside than the best of those within; yet even so, more of the

ablest might be drawn in from the pursuit of other activities, were the rewards more justly apportioned to deserts. With regard to men it would be absurd to maintain that the majority of those in the profession are the ablest of their sex. There are other professions which offer prizes so much more dazzling that it would be a modern miracle of the most surprising sort if a large proportion of the most gifted men were pedagogues. To increase the number of these by offering them an improved status would be a feather in the Register's cap indeed.

But neither man nor woman can live by status alone. If the Register could raise salaries, it would have achieved the hitherto unachievable. An extraordinary amount of cant is talked by those, whose purpose is presumably served, on the merit of not being mercenary. It is a delicate subject, but the time has come for a little outspoken explanation. Teaching is hard work, straining, exhausting work if it be performed in any spirit better than the journeyman's. The teacher cannot do his work if his be the life "which was not lived for living's sake but under the goad of fear." The subject is, I repeat, a delicate one; yet the main truth of it has been put excellently by a recent writer. There is no essential difference in the results of poverty as felt by the man of letters or the teacher, so let the following words by Henry Ryecroft describe the case.

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that have been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost,

those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty. Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year: sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation arising from inability to do the things wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasures and contentment curtailed and forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I say it would not be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.<sup>1</sup>

The pleasure of those who read these lines and laugh at their falseness, will not, in the balance, outweigh the pain of those others who recognise their substantial truth.

In conclusion the hope may be expressed that any rise which occurs may accrue to the assistants rather than to the chiefs, and to the more highly placed among the assistants. The absurd disproportion at present between the salaries paid to the chiefs and to the senior assistants forces many of the latter to apply for headships when they would do better work where they are. Different gifts are required in the two positions, and the question of relative value is hard to settle. It is a stupid sort of settlement that induces men of one set of gifts to undertake work requiring another. This plea for the readjustment of remuneration has been urged often before. Most people admit there is a case; and yet who acts, who proposes to act?

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<sup>1</sup> THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT; by George Gissing.

## TEN YEARS IN A PROHIBITION TOWN.

I HAVE lived ten years in a prohibition town, and in all that time I never heard of any one finding any real difficulty in being supplied with drink when he wanted it. On one occasion, after an irregular and unexpected information had been laid against most of the rum-sellers, I made the experiment of asking for a drink at a drug-store; I was refused a drink, but offered a bottle! That was the only occasion within my knowledge when the sale of drink was not as free and open as the sale of cigars. Nevertheless, Fredericton, New Brunswick, is the "banner" prohibition town in Canada. That, at least, is what prohibitionists in Ontario and Manitoba call it; in New Brunswick you hear less of banner towns. When the Scott Act (a local option Act) came into operation, Fredericton was one of the first places to adopt it; and at each subsequent election, prohibition has been carried by increased majorities. So certain is the result that no election has been held for fifteen years, and the Act remains in force. If there were an election this year, there is no doubt that prohibition would be carried by an overwhelming majority. The temperance people would vote for it, and the rum-sellers say they would support it. Yet whiskey is sold as openly as tea. On a certain Monday in spring, a stout man, who had taken his family out for a walk on the Sunday afternoon, the first warm day of the year, said to me, without any consciousness of the humour of the situation: "It's a nice thing that you can't buy anything in this town on Sunday but

whiskey." He had tried to get ice-cream sodas for his children, but the druggists were welcoming a new Sunday Act which promised them a good excuse for closing their shops on Sunday, on the ground that keeping them open on that day without the sale of soda-water and cigars was not profitable.

I have the authority of the police magistrate, who has been in office from the days before the Scott Act, that there has been an enormous improvement in the town. Open drunkenness, as it appeared in the police court, has greatly diminished. The police are neither more nor less strict than they were; for it is he who issues instructions to them, and he has made no change in his instructions. On the other hand, the industrial character of the town has changed. Formerly, each lumber operator used to send his logs down the St. John River to the city where they were rafted and shipped. The men from the woods were paid off in the city, and generally celebrated their return to town in a huge debauch. Now, the logs are brought by the owner no further than the main stream, the St. John, where they are taken in hand by the servants of the Boom Company, who are not paid off on their arrival in the city. The result is that there is no riotous drinking during several weeks in the spring and early summer; and that the former provision of low rum-shops is no longer required for what we may call the purely domestic drinking of the place.

There is, however, regular, and



apparently adequate, provision for this domestic drinking. There are fifteen or sixteen places where drink is usually sold and can be obtained without any formalities. In the year 1901 there were twenty-one persons convicted and fined for selling liquor, some of them four or five times; but the regular dealers, who are well known, are fifteen or sixteen in number. They include all the druggists, most of the hotels and billiard saloons, and some places that make hardly any pretence of doing any other business. It is all conducted in a perfectly straightforward way. There are no bars concealed behind stables, and none of those ingenious devices for evading the law, and fooling its officers, that are described as existing in prohibition towns in Maine, and make such interesting reading in Rowntree and Sherwell's book on the temperance question. These devices were much in use, I have been told, in the early days of prohibition in Fredericton; and they had their influence on the domestic habits of the citizens who, when they invited you to dinner, did not supply you with wine at table, but offered you whiskey in the pantry afterwards. But these devices have long since disappeared and, with them, the mild hypocrisies of domestic life. The reason probably was the tacit agreement to treat all cases as first offences. During the last twelve-month there has been a revival of activity on the part of the temperance people, and some cases are being pushed to the issue as third offences, which involve imprisonment without the option of a fine. It will be interesting to note whether there is a renewal of the devices for baffling the law by making it difficult to secure evidence.

After the somewhat stormy days at the commencement of the prohibi-

tion period, a system of mutual tolerance was evolved. The temperance people were content to treat each case as a first offence, and to leave the enforcing of the law to the police. The rum-sellers professed to be well content, and declared that they would vote for prohibition if the question was raised again. One druggist, a man of some standing and a clerk of the House of Assembly, assured me that such would be his action; and to my enquiry if it would not be better to have the law on his side, he replied emphatically: "No, it would not be respectable. I can sell now, but I could never take out a licence and keep a saloon. None of us would, except perhaps ——" naming the least respected of the druggists in the town. It seemed rather an anomalous condition of affairs, that a man should think it more respectable to sell liquor and break the law, than to sell liquor without breaking any law. But so it is, and one can understand how it is. A man can go into a drug-store and no one knows his errand, but a man goes into a saloon for one purpose only. There are many men who would not care to be seen entering a saloon, who yet will go to a drug-store. Such men would, with a licence system, go to the hotels. Some of the druggists, indeed, are not quite so well content to be rum-sellers and law-breakers at the same time. They say that they sell liquor only to keep their legitimate customers from drifting away from them, and one can well believe it. Moreover, the authorities are not guiltless of promoting the sale of drink. Some druggists have confined themselves to the sale of liquor by the bottle, refusing to supply a casual glass. They are summoned and fined just as frequently as their rivals, who had no compunction about how they supplied their cus-



tomers' wants; and in self-defence, they say they have to commit the major offence since they are punished like those who do.

The system, as it has been developed, is very simple. It is high licence, or rather low licence, at the discretion of the police. The offenders are summoned four times a year for a hotel, twice a year for a drug-store. Every case is a first offence, and punishable only with a fine of fifty dollars. No case is defended when information is laid by the police; and when an irregular information has been laid, the case is defended only for the sake of revealing the identity of the private informer. There is no obloquy attached to such appearances before the police magistrate. No names are published and the offence is regarded as almost purely technical. The local reporters have their own humorous way of describing the case: "The Police Magistrate has issued invitations to a Scott Act reception next Monday. Several prominent citizens have received invitations. The cards of invitation come high, however, for they cost fifty dollars apiece."

Public opinion, while in favour of prohibition, is not in favour of proceeding to extremities against offenders. That lesson was taught in the early days of the movement. At first, the temperance party called attention to previous convictions, and the two leading hotel-keepers were summoned for a third offence. One stood his trial, but the other skipped out, to return only when he heard how like a holiday three months in the county jail might be made. The two offenders were sentenced each to three months, and they closed their hotels. Very soon the inconvenience was felt; for there was no other place in which business men and lawyers would stay, and the courts

were then sitting. One of the peculiarities of our jail is that you can board with the jailer, occupy his best parlour, and receive visitors all day long. Years later, I had occasion to visit a prisoner (an editor sentenced for libelling a judge) and the parlour which he used, as the hotel-keeper had used it before him, looked fairly comfortable. There they sit in state, receiving visitors, and one of them told me that the Anglican bishop was among his callers. Every evening a brass band played before the jail, and the prisoners were allowed the liberty of the porch and verandah. They had a telephone put into the parlour and transacted their business comfortably for three months, while the commercial travellers and the lawyers were forced to put up with such accommodation as they could get. Since then, there have been none but first offences.

The general effect of such an anomalous system is not very marked. There is little drunkenness, but a good deal of drinking, but whether more than there is in any other small town, where the possibilities of more innocent recreation are as small, is not clear. If it were not that class distinctions are not rigidly drawn, one might say that this system leads to the separation of classes, as the existence of clubs does elsewhere. The druggists seem more or less particular about the kind of people they serve; and it is not always possible to obtain the entry to the dispensing-room behind, where, seated on a case of somebody's remedy, you may drink with your friend who rests uneasily on a case of somebody's liniment. The worst effect is that the system has given rise to a large amount of drinking among young boys of sixteen and eighteen. No one can question what a boy is doing in a druggist's at the

soda-water fountain. A lad of that age would not dare to enter a saloon except by stealth; but he can boldly drink in the most public way at the soda fountain. There is only one liquor offence known to the law, and that is the act of selling. The offence is not greater if the liquor is sold to a minor, or to a man in a state of intoxication, on a Sunday, or after hours, or in an adulterated condition. These are offences which are not recognised under prohibition, and of course need not be if the law is strictly enforced. But with us the law is not enforced; and the minor offences are quite as iniquitous as the major offence, which is indeed regarded as purely technical. Liquor is supplied indiscriminately at the hotel-bars, but in the drug-stores the company is select if not selected.

Such a free and easy system, where the law is systematically disregarded, ought, according to all theories, to create a spirit of lawlessness among the citizens. This statement has been made by men in favour of prohibition, and by men opposed to it, but in favour of sincerity and straightforwardness in civic life. How far it is justified in this instance is doubtful. The liquor influence in municipal politics was not got rid of by closing the saloons. It still exists and plays a considerable part at election times. One hotel-keeper is credited with controlling something like two hundred votes, sufficient to make a municipal candidate's election fairly sure. This influence can be obtained, — at a price, I suppose. Generally speaking, the liquor ticket wins; though on one occasion, an astute politician secured the liquor vote for the temperance ticket. But the liquor interest aims at nothing more than preventing an aggressive movement on the part of the temperance people. They are content to

add an additional guarantee to their immunity from frequent prosecution. Indeed, the question of prohibition or licence is decided, not by the Board of Aldermen, but by direct plebiscite, the administration even being only partly within the control of the Council.

There are no symptoms of any general disregard for law. In America generally, in Canada as well as in the United States, there is a disposition to treat lightly any law or regulation which fails to commend itself as reasonable. But such a disposition does not constitute a disregard for law, or a sympathy with law-breaking. In Fredericton the general disposition will no doubt manifest itself, but I doubt whether, owing to the contempt for the Scott Act, there has been created any lawlessness or sympathy with lawlessness. The community is to the full as law-abiding as any other. The question of licence or no licence seems to have no effect in this way. In the early days the evasion of the law led to a certain amount of mild hypocrisy in private life regarding liquor; but with the practically unregarded violation of the law, social life has become straightforward again. There is, it is true, a strong indisposition to proceed to extremities against even flagrant offenders. Our favourite form of law-breaking is embezzlement, on a large or small scale; but that crime is due to an over-development of the credit-system common in small Canadian towns rather than to the violation of the Scott Act. In any case, as many of such offenders support prohibition as have assisted at its violation. Indeed, I should say, after ten years' observation, that my original opinion, that law-breaking in this form must lead to lawlessness in other forms, is not borne out by experience.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

## LA RATA ENCORONADA.

OVER a hundred years ago there hung in the House of Lords an old piece of tapestry representing the fight between the Spanish Armada and the English fleet, on July 25th, 1588, off the Isle of Wight. This picture was perpetuated by Pine in his ILLUSTRATIONS and has been reproduced in the illustrated edition of Green's SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE and in many text books dealing with the history of the period. At first sight one might conclude that such a picture was purely conventional, but when we look at it, with the Duke of Medina Sidonia's account of the battle and with the British records before us, we at once realise that what is delineated there is a faithful representation of an actual incident in the battle of that eventful day.

The morning was calm, and the fighting of the previous three days had been, on the part of the Spaniards, a rearguard action. The Admiral's ship, the SANTA ANA, which commanded the rear, had been so badly pounded by the British guns that Admiral Martinez de Recalde moved his flag to the SAN JUAN and, by orders of the Duke, Don Alonzo de Leyva, in his ship LA RATA ENCORONADA, was sent to lead the rearguard where the heaviest fighting was to be expected. Meanwhile the crippled SANTA ANA dropped astern and Sir John Hawkins, thinking she would be an easily captured prize, lowered his boats and got them to tow his ships into action with her. At this juncture the RATA and three of the four galleasses (which were looked

upon as the most formidable of the Spanish ships in a calm, as they could be propelled by oars worked by nine hundred slaves), turned their heads to windward to protect the SANTA ANA. The RATA and the galleasses, SAN LORENZO, GIRONA, and NEAPOLITANA, with the ARK ROYAL and GOLDEN LION, being towed by boats to attack them, are in the foreground of the picture, while in the background Hawkins is seen retiring from the Spanish fire. The RATA and her comrades, however, did their work; the SANTA ANA did not fall into the hands of the enemy, although during the following night she drifted away to the southward and was wrecked on the bar at Havre. This RATA ENCORONADA is an altogether interesting ship. The artist justly gave her a prominent place in his picture, and I propose now to follow her fortunes and those of the men who formed her company.

When Philip the Second decided in haste, after long consideration at leisure, that the invasion of England should be undertaken, he had many notable sailors and commanders to choose from. Some of them foretold misfortune and, consequently, were unpopular, but in Don Alonzo de Leyva, a knight of Santiago, who had been captain-general of the Sicilian galleys and now was commander of the cavalry of Milan, there was a man ready for any enterprise, a man who over and over again against the Turks, and in the Low Countries, had proved his capacity. The only thing that could be said against Don Alonzo, and that was said by his contemporary

critics, was that he was too rash. However, when the cautious old Marquis of Santa Cruz tried to stay Philip from sending a totally inadequate expedition to destruction, de Leyva took an opposite view, a view more convenient to the King and it is therefore not surprising to read that "insults and challenges passed between de Leyva and Santa Cruz" while the Armada was preparing.<sup>1</sup> The enthusiastic daring of de Leyva outweighed his judgment, but as he had succeeded before he might have succeeded again, had he been given a free hand. Santa Cruz died while the fleet was preparing. Many nobles were going as officers, which made it necessary to place a high grandee in command. The Duke of Medina Sidonia thus came to be leader, but de Leyva carried a secret commission from Philip empowering him to assume command in the event of the Duke's death; and in any case he was to take charge of the army should a landing in England be effected.

LA RATA SANTA MARIA ENCORONADA, as she is called in the Spanish documents, was a galleon of eight hundred and twenty tons, armed with thirty-five guns, and was the private property of de Leyva; and as she belonged to the Levant squadron was probably built in Italy or Sicily. The flagship of this squadron, the REGAZONA of twelve hundred tons, was the largest ship of the whole Armada, and carried about forty-five guns. The TRINIDAD VALENCERA, also of the Levant squadron, formed with the REGAZONA and one other ship the Venetian contingent to the Armada, and, because the court of Venice was thus interested in the enterprise, accurate information of all that was going on in Spain was sent to the

Doge by Hieronimo Lippomano, the ambassador of Venice at the court of Madrid. These papers are extant and throw many a side-light on what happened. As I shall not again refer to these other ships of the Levant squadron, I may say here that the REGAZONA was one of those fortunate ships that returned home in safety, while the VALENCERA, under command of Don Alonzo de Luzon, was lost in Glenagivney Bay near the most easterly point of Donegal.

Between soldiers, sailors, and grantees with their suites of servants, the RATA carried over six hundred men. Don Alonzo de Leyva himself had a retinue of thirty-six so-called servants. In a few cases the commanders of the Spanish ships were expert sailors; such for example was Don Martinez de Recalde who commanded the SANTA ANA and was admiral of the whole fleet, but in most cases the commanders were soldiers. They were of course soldiers who had had much naval experience in the wars of the great sea empire at this time held by Spain, but not navigators; it must be borne in mind that de Leyva was a soldier first and a sailor after; the navigating master of the RATA was an Italian named Giovanni Avannecye. So far as it is possible to find out, the guns of the ships must have been worked by soldiers, for the small number of sailors allotted to each ship would be barely sufficient to do the steering and the trimming of the sails, which in sea fighting called for endless attention.

While speaking of the Spanish sailors let me refer to the very popular idea that the Spanish sailors were far inferior to the British. Even Professor Lughton upholds this view:

<sup>1</sup> VENETIAN STATE PAPERS, 1581 to 91, No. 601.

They were to a great extent fair-weather sailors. Some there doubtless

were who had been through the Straits of Magellan or had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, but by far the greater number had little experience beyond the Mediterranean, or the equable run down the trades to the West Indies. To the English, on the other hand, accustomed from boyhood to the voyages to the Irish or Iceland fisheries; in manhood to the voyages to the N. West with Frobisher or Davis, or round the world with Drake, and semi-piratical cruises in the Bay of Biscay, or in the track of the homeward bound treasure ships, the summer gales of the Channel were, by comparison, passing trifles.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Laughton has demolished so many fallacies concerning the Armada that he cannot object to one more going the same road. The Mediterranean is not always bathed in summer smiles, and in the Italian sailors it had then trained men who had pushed their vessels into all seas. Italy but a short while previously had ranked next to England in the carrying trade of the world. The run down the Trades to the West Indies is all very well, but the return through the stormy North Atlantic I know from personal experience to be a very different matter. With regard to the west of Ireland fisheries no men prosecuted them with greater assiduity than the Spaniards. For many generations, before the days of the Armada, Spanish fishing vessels flocked to the stormy seas off the Dureys, and in Baltimore, or Valentiamore as they called it, they had a fishing station on Spanish Island; Berehaven, Garinish, Killmackiloge, Valentia, were also permanent stations.<sup>2</sup> O'Sullivan Bere and the O'Driscolls of Cork levied dues on

them. Dingle was the centre from which the Spaniards fished the sea off the Blaskets. They sometimes paid a fee to the British Treasury for these rights, and at other times complained to the British Government that the native Irish cut their cables in hopes of gain from the wrecks. The Spanish fishing at one time attained to such dimensions that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was able to report to the Queen that in one year as many as six hundred Spanish fishing vessels were on the coast, and he suggested the policy of sending a ship to destroy them all. From the Spanish records we learn that these boats were of about one hundred tons each, and, if we allow ten men to each boat and assume that all available men went to serve in the Armada, there must have been about six thousand men, out of the seven thousand seamen who formed the crews of the Armada ships, who at some time of their lives and for longer or shorter periods had been familiar with the Irish coasts. When Recalde anchored at Scatterry Roads, then called Inishkeith after the island in the Shannon, when the SANTA ANA anchored in Ponlell, when again Recalde's ships anchored in the Blasket Sound and rode there for thirteen days, it is evident that men were on board who knew well the details of the Irish coast for, as there were no charts, nothing but personal knowledge could have enabled them to do such things. Again, every passage from Spain to Ireland necessitated sailing across the Bay of Biscay, and so well known was this Spanish traffic, that in the old maps of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the sea to the south of Ireland is designated "the Spanish Sea." The Spanish sailors who, vanquished, heart-broken, and starving, refused, when wrecked, to save their lives by sur-

<sup>1</sup> DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, introduction, p. xliii.

<sup>2</sup> At Garinish, near Durey Sound, when we were building a boat-slip, some foundations were discovered which the local fishermen said at once were those of the old Spanish pier.

render, were surely men of no mean spirit; and we lose nothing by giving them credit for what they were.

Don Alonzo de Leyva is described, by one who was a sailor with him, as "tall and slight with a whitley face, flaxen hair and wearing an Abram beard. He was much respected by all who sailed in his ship." He was the leader under whom the young noblemen volunteers longed to serve, and scions of many ancient Italian or Spanish houses, many of them only in their teens, clad in velvet, cloth of gold and jewels, waved their plumed caps from the high poop of the RATA to the gay señoritas on the quays of Lisbon, as, on a bright May morning the Felicissima Armada sailed down the Tagus. We will not dwell on the disasters that so soon overtook them; they have all been described before. The food was rotten, the water putrid; a tremendous storm came on, and with shattered spars and torn sails the RATA with the flagship of Oquendo's squadron had to "put into the port of Baris" for new spars, fresh food, fresh water, and to land the sick. The ports of Galicia were full of shattered ships and the Armada did not finally start for England till July 11th.

When the English coast was sighted a momentous council of war was called on board the SAN MARTIN. The Duke presided, and among those present were de Leyva, Oquendo, and the staunch old sailor Recalde. Their advice was not to sail up the Channel until they had fought and crushed the English fleet. Every one now knows that they were right, but the King's orders to proceed to Calais were clear, and the majority of the council decided against the proposed line of action. The die was cast, and de Leyva in the RATA was ordered to lead the van. On

Sunday morning, July 21st, the fighting began. Lord Howard, in the ARK ROYAL, Sir Martin Frobisher, and Sir Francis Drake sailed out from Plymouth and delivered a combined attack. The first shock fell upon the RATA. The Duke says "the enemy's fleet passed, firing on our van under the charge of Don Alonzo de Leyva which drove into the rear under the charge of Admiral Juan Martinez de Recalde, who stood fast and abode the assault." Under this determined rush of the British fleet the Armada was thrown into confusion, and Recalde's ship received very rough handling: "Her fore-stay was cut and her foremast had two great shots therein." The Armada in reforming lost one ship by collision and another by an accidental explosion. These ships fell into the hands of the British and the Spaniards went on up Channel. As the next attack was expected in the rear, the galleasses were joined with de Leyva's ship, and he now took charge of the rearguard.

On the 23rd the fighting took place under new conditions, as, the wind having shifted to the north-east, the Spaniards held the weather gauge. The RATA is once more mentioned in despatches as being with the REGAZONA in the thickest of the fight. On the 24th the English records say there was little done, but the Duke of Medina Sidonia reports that their rearguard was again attacked, "the galleasses discharged their stern pieces as also did Juan Martinez and Don Alonzo de Leyva." On the 25th was the great fight off the Isle of Wight to which I have already referred, and after this nothing of interest occurred until the night of the 28th. The English account says, "Now forasmuch as our powder and shot was well wasted the Lord Admiral thought it was not good in



policy to assail them any more until their coming near to Dover," when he should join the fleet under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter. On the 28th the Armada was anchored off Calais and the British fleet about a mile to windward. "At midnight," the Spanish report says, "two fires were seen kindled in the English fleet, which increased to eight, and suddenly eight ships with sails set, a fair wind and tide came straight towards our Capitana and the rest of the fleet, all burning fiercely." To escape these fire ships some of the Spaniards weighed anchor, most of them slipped their cables, hoping to pick them up next day, and a few drifted out of sight to leeward.

With dawn on the 29th the last great fight began. The Spaniards numbered one hundred and twenty ships, all told, and the English, now that Lord Seymour's squadron had joined, one hundred and forty. On both sides many vessels were mere despatch boats, and, of the Spaniards, many were victuallers or transports. The Armada had straggled out to such an extent that the actual fighting fell on no more than forty ships, of which about fifteen came in for a terrible hammering. Soon after nine o'clock the roar of the guns was awful; such a cannonade had never been heard on earth before. The smoke was so dense that even from the mast heads of the *SAN MARTIN*, the Duke stated, nothing could be seen, and the rapidity of the British fire "was like the rattle of small shot in a land battle." Under that great sulphurous cloud, to the sound of a roar like the outburst of a volcano, the future history of England and of the world was being settled.

From the centre of this Inferno the smoke drifted away towards the Flemish coast, towards which many

of the shattered ships were also drifting. But in the midst, the fight raged hottest about Sidonia's flagship and the hulk *SAN SALVADOR*. The English fleet had them almost at their mercy,—the blood of slaughtered men was flowing from their scuppers—when out of the smoke loomed up two great galleons, two ships that had been comrades in trouble off the coast of Portugal; one was Oquendo's flagship and the other de Leyva's *RATA ENCORONADA*. They took the broadsides intended for the *SAN MARTIN*, and the slaughter on the *RATA*'s decks was terrible. Many a young grandee was slain. Among those who then fell special mention is made of Don Pedro de Mendoza, son of the Commander of Castel Nuova at Naples. By this diversion the Duke was able to escape to leeward, but the day was lost and no chivalry could save it. The wind, now strong from the north-west, was forcing them on to the Flemish coast and threatened utter destruction to the whole Armada, but presently it backed round to the south and they were able to sail away into the North Sea.

It is not my intention here to follow their fortunes as they drove northwards. When they thought themselves safe out of Hawkins's reach, the shattered ships were mustered by signal guns fired from the *CAPITANA GENERAL* and the course to be steered was given to each ship in writing. It was a perilous course. The Flannan Isles and the St. Kilda group lay on or near to the track, which also came dangerously close to the west of Ireland, only forty miles off Erris Head. With a good look out and the long daylight of summer all might of course go well; and at first it did go well with the *SAN MARTIN* and some others. They sailed about one thousand miles, and sighted Ireland on the eleventh day after the battle of

Gravelines. This was not a bad run for ships of such cumbersome build. But now the trouble began; for fifteen days they drove northwards before southerly gales until they were in a latitude sixty-three degrees north. Then starving and dying of thirst and disease they had to make their way, in cyclonic weather, to the southward, and here amidst the big Atlantic seas we must leave them for the present.

In the west of the county of Mayo, on September the 7th, 1588, some wild-looking men with hair matted over their eyes, herded cattle on the flat-topped head of Doohoma, which projects from the eastward into Blacksod Bay. A stormy autumn had set in and as they looked seaward through the mist fierce squalls descended from the high mountains of Achill on the left, and tore up the surface of the sea into sheets of spindrift. Now and then the peak of Slieve More would stand out, ghost-like through the clouds, and now and then the low sandy shores of the Mullet near Tirawn would become visible over across the bay. A dull roar of the breakers on the outer reefs filled the air while an occasional big roller, finding its way in, flung itself into foam on the low shores of Ballycroy, where the ruined castle of Doona stood close to the beach. The men were well accustomed to such a scene and the only living interest added to it lay in the herds of cattle and the sea birds. Passing vessels were only too careful to give this dangerous coast a wide berth. But look; their attention is suddenly awakened. Out of the mists a great ship has loomed into sight; in she comes from the stormy sea, her topsails lowered on account of the squalls, and her fore-course emblazoned with a marvellous device in bright colours. She looks sadly storm-beaten, her ropes and torn canvas streaming out

in the wind; nearer and nearer she comes. The wild kerne on shore yell with excitement, calling to their fellows; wild women and children hasten from the huts; they rush to the edge of the surf so as to be sure of the prize, but the great ship with her hundreds of men now distinctly visible, rounds to, and as her way stops, her one and only anchor plunges into the sea, the cable is veered and, after being driven to and fro in the Atlantic for nearly a month, with her young nobles and the crew perishing of thirst, *LA RATA ENCORONADA* has reached for a time a place of safety. While the people on shore kept watch, another great ship came sailing in; she also anchored off Bealingly (1), but who or what she was can never be known, as having no cockboat she was unable to communicate with the shore.

The news that ships were in the bay spread far and wide, and Richard Burke, otherwise known as the Devil's Hook, who ruled those parts, assembled a flotilla of skiffs and currachs to proceed to the scene. Black skin-covered currachs brought their crews from Achill Sound, and others came from Port-na-franka where Burke had a castle. Those who were in the interest of the Government sent off swift runners with the tidings that some strange thing had happened as "the Devil's Hook was assembling skiffs" in Blacksod Bay.

When Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor of Connaught, received these tidings he started north from Athlone, but had not travelled beyond Dunmore when he got similar news from Connemara; he therefore stayed his journey at Castle McGarret and turned back to Dunamon. It seems wonderful to us, now, to think how well, in the absence of telegraphic communication, he kept himself informed of all that was happening at places over a hundred and fifty miles apart.

Two days after the RATA anchored in Blacksod Bay, the great galleon DUQUESA SANTA ANA of the squadron of Andalusia came in, and passing further up the bay, anchored in Poulelly, off Tiraun, which is still the best anchorage in the whole roadstead of Blacksod. The black curraghs hovered round, like vultures, but dared not come too near to the great guns unless with friendly intent. At this time Mr. Gerald Comerford, with a guard of thirty men, was despatched by Bingham to Poulelly to watch and report on events. On September 10th he saw all three ships at anchor, but on that evening, the wind having come on to blow from the north-west, the RATA was dragging her anchor, and early on the 11th she went ashore at Ballycroy. The Italian master, purporting to go ashore with thirteen men for information, took the only boat and deserted. They left the boat on the beach, and proceeded inland. He and his party had not gone far before they were pounced on by the Devil's Hook who stripped them of their clothes and left them to shiver their lives away, naked, on the black swamps of Ballycroy.

Don Alonzo de Leyva now caused a raft of barrels to be constructed so that men might land and fetch off the boat. With this boat he and his four hundred men landed, and brought on shore their treasure and armour. They entrenched themselves in the old castle of Doona close by, and prepared to defend themselves. The black curraghs now crowded round the deserted ship and pillage went on until de Leyva managed to set her on fire and she burned to the water's edge. He then abandoned Ballycroy and crossing the bay with his company joined the SANTA ANA. Mr. Comerford from near Poulelly saw the volumes of smoke driving inland

from the burning RATA. An important functionary now arrived on the scene, the sheriff, Mr. James Blake and his men, with orders to save the ordnance for the Government. When the Spaniards evacuated Doona they left a goodly store of suits of velvet and cloth of gold which were seized by the sheriff and his myrmidons. The wreck still held many valuable stores.

The ship that is aground [writes Comerford] is well stored of great pieces and other munitions, wine and oil and many other things under water. Here are no boats able to come by them neither is it possible to take anything of any great value out of the same as yet. James Blake and others have taken a boat full of treasure out of the ship.<sup>1</sup>

He asks Bingham to have Mr. Blake arrested so that he may charge him with disloyalty. This sheriff, however, took such good care of what he saved that Bingham sent this final report to the Lord Deputy.

The great Ship at Ballycroy and the rest cast away about those Islands are now all broken in pieces, and the Ordinance and everything else utterly lost I fear me. Treasure and great wealth hath been taken no doubt, but that by such unworthy persons as it hardly be ever, any thereof come by at all. They be, such as hath it, as before now have always been upon their keepings.

Comerford and his thirty men at Poulelly were now in an awkward position, and as an intelligence officer he deserves the greatest credit. Should the people encouraged by the presence of fourteen hundred Spaniards, who had by this time landed, rise in their favour, there would be but a short shrift for him. On the 14th he reported that the strangers had set to work to entrench

<sup>1</sup> State Papers Ireland, 1588-92, p. 94.

themselves in the old ruined castle of Tiraun. At their wits' end as to what to do, we can only imagine the discussions which resulted in their once more deciding to trust themselves to the sea. They had at all events got fresh water, and thus when the wind shifted to the north their hopes arose and on the 15th they put off again in the SANTA ANA for Spain. Comerford's feelings then found vent in a dispatch to Sir Richard Bingham.

I have stayed within view of the ship [the Santa Ana] that was here at Poulelly by Torane before till I saw both the company of the said ship and of the ship that is here [the Rata] joined together and entered into one ship and this present morning took the sea, bag and baggage, towards the South West.

But he much feared that he might see the Spaniards again, as the wind had once more backed for another cyclone to the southward. They did turn back on the 17th but went to sea again immediately, heading this time, not for Spain, but for Scotland.

While these events were happening in Blacksod Bay, tragedies of a darker hue took place not far away. In the south of Blacksod Bay the large mountainous island of Achill raises its peaks to more than two thousand feet above the sea, and beyond it Clare Island, fifteen hundred feet high, guards the entrance of Clew Bay. Clare Island was the centre of the district claimed by the O'Malley's. Dowdarra O'Malley lived there in the old castle still standing by the landing-place, and the same storm that forced the RATA to seek the shelter of Blacksod Bay drove a great ship, EL GRAN GRIN commanded by Don Pedro de Mendoza, on to the rocky shore of Clare Island. Don Pedro and seventy men out of the whole ship's company made their way to land alive, and, hearing that the

other ships were safe at anchor off Poulelly, they tried to get boats from the islanders to take them there. The distance was only about twenty-five miles and most of the journey was in the sheltered waters of Achill Sound. It seems strange to us now to think how quickly the news travelled from Blacksod Bay to Clare Island. These O'Malley's and their retainers were, however, sailors, and did much traffic no doubt by boats. O'Malley was "Lord of the Isles" and his sister Grace O'Malley the most renowned heroine and pirate of those days. She is described in the State Papers as "the Mother of all rebellions." These O'Malleys and the Bourkes held absolute power in west Mayo, but O'Malley at this time had made his peace with the English and he was determined to stop the flight of his prisoners. He did not know that in Don Pedro he held at his mercy a noble who, next to the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Don Alonso de Leyva, the English were most anxious to hold captive. O'Malley would not give them boats, and called on them to surrender. Don Pedro with the pride of a Castilian refused. They were slain to a man, and thus the story of the GRAN GRIN and her company came to a close.

To the north of Blacksod Bay, Broadhaven enters the land from the north, and the heads of these harbours are so close that they have been of late years connected by a canal navigable for fishing craft.

Another of the Armada ships made for Broadhaven but was lost at the entrance, close to the Castle of Inver, then the strongest castle held by the English in those parts. The treasure of this ship was saved, but nothing has been told us of her name or of her crew.

Some writers have suggested that men from these wrecks made their way

to O'Rourke's country in the Leitrim mountains. The RATA's people certainly did not, and, considering the very great difficulty of getting through this country three hundred years ago, and even long after, I do not think any can have succeeded. The DUKESA SANTA ANA with her crowded decks, on finally leaving Blacksod ran northwards past Eagle Island in safety. Then she passed the high cliffs of Glen Head on the coast of Donegal, but the autumn gale was taking its usual course and had gone from south to west and then to north-west. The ship was jambed on to a lee-shore, and barely weathering this rock-bound coast was forced into Loughrosmore Bay. The big seas began to tumble home before the nor'wester. The SANTA ANA's anchors could not be trusted; a cable was run to a rocky islet to save her, and de Leyva, in this struggle for life, was badly hurt by the captain. The great ship, however, had fought her last fight, and in a few hours she too was a stranded wreck on the Irish coast. De Leyva with great difficulty, on account of his hurt, was got ashore, and "as he could neither go nor ride," his comrades started inland carrying him on a chair. They seemed to have saved little or nothing, and it is difficult to make out whether it was here or at Tiraun that they "landed one field-piece." However, they heard from "an Irishman who could speak Latin" that a ship of the Armada was in the harbour of Killybegs and thither, past Ardara and away up the valley of the Owentocker, they made their way for nineteen miles till they came in sight of Killybegs.

As they descended from the hills they saw before them no less a sight than the great galleas, the GIRONA. This was the ship of fifty guns and three hundred rowers which had

fought side by side with the RATA in the rearguard, and which was depicted on the tapestry in the House of Lords. But the GIRONA was no longer the pride of the ocean; "she was sore bruised by the seas," and her rudder was gone. De Leyva and his men with the company of the GIRONA, mustering now about two thousand all told, were a formidable force and their feeding was a heavy strain on the resources of the country. O'Rourke of Sligo, whose mountain fastness was visible across the Bay of Donegal to the southward, aided the McSwine, who was in danger of being eaten out of house and home, by sending contributions of cattle for the succour of the Spaniards. Up to this time the Spaniards had plenty of money saved from the wrecks, and they paid for what they ate.

De Leyva, wounded as he was, had now to undertake the task of repairing the GIRONA, and with the fragments of another ship lost at the entrance of Killybegs for materials, the shipwrights wrought hard to get her ready for sea, but it was slow work. Many of the slaves were set free, and glad to be loosed from the fetters that, through all this terrible time, had linked them to the rowing benches, they wandered, starving, inland and vanished. Many a young grandee did the same; most of them were slain, as they had not strength left to defend themselves, and many of those thus struck down "appeared to be men of high quality"; when they lay down they had not strength to rise again, and but a few wandered back to the shore. Thus September went by and in the first week of October the GIRONA was ready to attempt the run to Scotland, which now was the best thing that her company could hope for. On October 12th she sailed with thirteen hundred souls on board, and



with a southerly wind the Spaniards once more ran past Glen Head and could look again into the fateful Loughrosmore Bay, as they went northwards. They rounded Ireland's most northern point, Malin Head, in safety. On a clear day Scotland could now be seen, but the wind was playing its old game. While they had been running north the wind had gone to the north-west, and the pilots advised them to keep away for the Irish Sea, for with that wind they should be in Spain in five days. It was a great chance! The thought of home grew bright in the hearts of the brave men who had kept up hope in all these terrible scenes. Home in five days! The young nobles thought of the bright sunshine and the welcome awaiting them. But the tides run strong on the Antrim coast; with the flood tide all might be safe, but what if they met the ebb? Whatever the issue de Leyva consented, and indeed the northerly wind left them no choice; the sun set and the GIRONA was ploughing her way through an angry sea. The dark land near the Giant's Causeway was looming to leeward when suddenly her patched-up rudder gave way. The great oars, if run out, could not help her in the rough sea; nothing could save her. To lower away the after-canvas and drive her ashore, where in the starlight the land looked low, was the only chance. But here were no sandy beaches like those of Ballycroy and Loughrosmore; instead there were sharp basalt rocks, forming outlying reefs, over which the white surf gleamed with phosphorescent light. The great, though frail, GIRONA had now to measure her strength with these. On to the reef of "Bunbois," or Bushfoot, she crashed. For a moment her timbers and spars may have floated some of her thrice-wrecked, gallant company, but with

the exception of nine sailors, who struggled gasping to land, all were lost.

From these nine men only could be gathered any particulars of those last days of Alonzo de Leyva. These men were well cared for by the McDonalds of Dunluce Castle close by, and they met there several Spanish soldiers and sailors, eleven of whom had been saved from another wreck which occurred a few miles further to the eastward, together with some fugitives from the VALENCERA. One of these soldiers afterwards reported that he had visited the beach strewn with the dead bodies washed on shore from the wreck of the GIRONA, that he had recognised many of them, and that from one he took a canvas belt containing three hundred ducats.

While these tragedies were being enacted in the north of Ireland, King Philip was daily looking out for news of de Leyva. At last, about Christmas, a Spanish State Paper records: "It is reported from Scotland to be true that Don Alonzo de Leyva had landed two thousand men in the province of Mc Wm [that is Mac William's Country, West Mayo] where the people were helping him." This was to Philip the first glimpse of the truth; almost the same day the Pilot General of the Armada, then in Havre, was able to write: "Yesterday there arrived here some Scottish ships with thirty-two Spanish soldiers and some sailors from our Armada lost on the coast of Ireland." They belonged to the Venetian ship VALENCERA, and they told the story as I have given it. The full details did not come in till the middle of January, and it is said that the King "grieved more for the loss of de Leyva than for the whole Armada."

My work in regard to sea fisheries, during the last dozen years, has made



it necessary for me to navigate all the bays and creeks of the west of Ireland at various seasons of the year. Many a time I have sought the shelter of Blacksod Bay, and many a gale I have ridden out in Poulelly, or Elly Bay as it is now called on the charts. Our anchors have frequently been dropped where the DUQUESA SANTA ANA came to. On the opposite side of the bay I landed some years since and talked to the peasantry about those old times. The State Papers gave so many details that there could be but little doubt as to the spot where the RATA went ashore, and I found that the people knew of the old wreck that lay under the sands; the wood was "so black," they said, "she must be there for five hundred years." At one time, when the level of the sand was much lowered, the old frame-timbers of the RATA came into view and much was removed. I split a small piece off as a relic, but since then I have secured another large piece of a rib of Italian live oak which I found supporting a hay-stack, with the trenail holes in it and the top showing unmistakable signs of fire. Nothing now remains of the old ship but the keel and floor timbers, and they lie deep in the sand. Possibly some of her iron guns and shot may have settled down there too,<sup>1</sup> but everything of value

<sup>1</sup> The actual spot where the SANTA ANA went ashore must have been the strand of Loughrosbeg, for there a rock, with deep water on all sides, is suitable to make a warp fast, and it is the only rock at any of the possible sites that would meet the requirements of the case.

was long ago removed. The people living near the shore volunteered the remark that, "the old people said that another ship came there too, but they believed she got away." I asked them if they had any idea where she came, and they pointed towards the Bull's Mouth. It seems possible then that this was the mysterious ship that Comerford said was anchored off "Bealingley," and though certainty is impossible, the etymology of this name, (the island which forms this mouth being Inish Biggle) suggests that this "Beal" is the only spot that would fit in with the old report. Anyone reading the State Papers will be familiar with the very casual system of spelling names of places that was adopted in those days.

Close by Loughrosmore Bay, in Donegal, a gentleman has two old iron guns said to have come out of an Armada ship, and though they bear no mark to indicate their origin I see no reason to doubt the legend connected with them, and probably they formed part of the armament of the SANTA ANA. Of the GIRONA I know of no relic extant, for the old treasure chest in Glenarm Castle, if it came from an Armada ship at all, appears to have been saved from another wreck. The brass guns of the GIRONA, with the treasure that she may have carried belonging to the RATA and SANTA ANA, now lie among the rock ledges off Port Ballintrae and in all probability will never be found.

W. SPOTSWOOD GREEN.

## THE FOOTBALL FEVER.

ONLY a quarter of a century ago if anyone had dared to hint that a hearty, wholesome national pastime might be an indirect source of national danger, he would have been ridiculed. It is true that the ardour with which the cult of athletics in general was being embraced by the youth of the educated classes was causing much misgiving in the minds of those parents who were old-fashioned enough to believe that athletics should occupy a subordinate share of time and attention on the part of boys and young men who had to make their own way in the world; but it should be borne in mind that at that time the two most salient characteristics of what I have called the football fever were unknown, —the infection of the working classes with it, and the part played in it by money.

The change in the wrong, and possibly dangerous, direction, has been made rapidly, and although the irresponsible philanthropist may declaim against the injustice of denying to our toilers what those in a better social condition are applauded for indulging in, when it is pointed out that it is the abuse, not the use, which prompts such a denial, his objection will hardly hold good.

Half a century ago there was but little care bestowed upon the physical welfare of our working classes, not only in great cities but in country districts. The old order was dead, and the new had not yet begun. The old English sports had been abandoned by the people, and the classes had not long emerged from the effeminate con-

dition into which they had sunk under the last George. Cricket was essentially a game for the leisured classes. Football, outside the schools, was unknown. Prize-fighting, ratting, and cocking still remained the popular sports. The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and finally the panic of 1859 which produced the Volunteer force, invigorated us, and sent a wave of serious reflection over the country. Many of the old blackguard sports became illegal; much that not long before had been deemed essential to the making of a fine fellow was now considered unbecoming a gentleman; our æsthetic tastes did not improve, but the heart of the nation became sounder and wholesomer.

Then came the athletic craze among the classes; for more than twenty years they kept the epidemic to themselves, and just as among late Georgian and early Victorian gentlemen it had been deemed degrading to indulge in pastimes which had hitherto been the peculiar property of the masses, so it now seemed to be the main object of many young lives to excel in them.

If there was much that was ridiculous, and perhaps a little that was disquieting, about the new fashion, at any rate it was sound and wholesome in principle and observance. The sports were absolutely pure, far purer than they had been in the days when cricket-matches were played for high stakes under the captaincy of noblemen and gentlemen, far purer than they ever have been since. The association between pastime and money-making was absolutely confined to professional cricketers, what is vulgarly known as

pot-hunting was unknown, and such prizes as were offered were much of the same character as the modest olive wreaths of the Olympian games.

The masses of Britain had neither time nor inclination for the games and physical contests which were remaking our gentry. Cricket, of course, was a popular game in the literal sense of the adjective, but even cricket was caviare to multitudes of the very class which now makes almost any sacrifice to see a fine exhibition of it. Football,—the immediate object of our attention—was peculiarly the game of gentlemen, and such scanty on-lookers from the masses as there were at such centres as Blackheath, Clapham, and Wimbledon, went from curiosity, and remained to jeer at the folly of presumably refined and well-born young men and boys in risking their limbs over a leather ball.

How the revolution was developed which made the honest, wholesome pastime of the classes the all-absorbing subject of interest to millions of people whose fathers hardly knew if it was played on land or water, is not material to our purpose. At any rate, the people became football-mad, but, be it particularly noted, *not as players*.

To a certain extent it would have been a wholesome sign of the times if the toilers of our nation had taken to football in the same active spirit as the classes had taken to all kinds of sports. It would have been delightful to be able to record how the men of this village or of that county town, of this factory or of that mill, had formed themselves into football and other clubs, instead of boozing and gambling and quarrelling at low boxing-matches, rattings, and cock-fightings, as they had been so long accustomed to do.

But it was not so. At first, no doubt, the masses did play football

themselves, but very rapidly the best performers separated themselves from the common herd; payment was expected and given for time and pains devoted to the attainment of excellence in a game which was becoming a science; shrewd men saw that there was money to be made by developing into a business a pastime which appealed particularly to the British temperament; the professional football player came forward as an article of commerce, and the mischief was done.

Let us briefly examine the evils resulting therefrom, dividing them into three heads, the Moral, the Physical, and the Commercial.

(1) In the South, unless we happen to live at Woolwich or Millwall, at Tottenham or Southampton, we have not the faintest idea of the power and influence of the Football Juggernaut. We may know from acquaintance with university men and school-boys what an enthusiast for games means, but we are as yet strangers to a world in which almost every man and boy on at least one day of the week has no care but for the result of a particular football-match in which the raggedest man or woman knows every technicality of the game and is far better acquainted with the kings of the football world than with the kings of England, in which the most important business affairs are hurried through or postponed for the sake of a great game, and in which it is no uncommon occurrence for the men of a large business concern to strike work and go off to the field of play.

We in the South have our little passing attacks of athletic craze. A mild temporary derangement of stability may afflict us on such occasions as Derby Day, the Universities' boat-race, a cricket-match between England and Australia, or an International football-match, but we do not know what eight months of football fever

means. In fact the craze virtually extends throughout the year. Summer brings no relief, for cricket is not favoured by the infected classes; moreover it is during these four months of respite that preparations have to be made for the coming season; the campaign of marketing for players is in full swing, and your real football devotee gives his time to picking up all the information he can, discussing the past and the coming seasons, and wishing the intrusive close period was over.

The influence of this conversion of a fine, vigorous, hearty pastime into a business cannot be wholesome, and the experience of an afternoon at a great game endorses this. Look at the faces around us. Are they the faces of men and youths come to enjoy a good fair tussle of the true English sort, and to hope that the best men may win? Not a bit of it! When the game is quiet the vulpine and soddan faces are eager, but not happy; when an exciting phase occurs the general expression is one of malignant anxiety, here broken by an outburst of frantic disappointment, there by one of savage joy. There is enthusiasm, plenty of it, but it is an ungenerous, one-sided enthusiasm, without a spark of chivalry or appreciation of alien worth in it. Once at a famous North Country ground I saw and heard half a crowd of 20,000 people turn upon a poor referee who had done something distasteful, while the other half applauded his action. The spiteful yells which arose, the torrents of foul abuse which were poured forth, the fierce brandishings of sticks and fists, the almost carnivorous expression on the passion-deformed faces, made up a terrible picture of an English crowd taking its pleasure on a Saturday afternoon which I shall never forget.

And what was the cause of it all?

Intense local patriotism? Not a shred of it! There is not one Northern or Midland club of any standing made up of native players. Worse than this, there is not an English professional club team made up of Englishmen, and in more than one famous eleven the Englishmen are in the minority. Even our few South Country professional teams are chiefly composed of Scotsmen and aliens, and as an example of the spread of the evil, I know a modest little club in a home county which decided to be in the fashion, with the result that it spent so much money in buying professional players that it only lasted one season.

No, indeed; local patriotism has very little to do, it is to be feared, with the local enthusiasm at a big match. Of a sort there is probably far more local patriotism in the North and Midlands than there is in the South; that is to say, a North Countryman is prouder of being a North Countryman, than is a South Countryman of his lot, and we have no equivalent to his clannishness, and to the kindliness of nature which warms his heart to a fellow countryman abroad or in need. But the modern football fever is not favourable to sentiment, and does not bring the bright side of a man's nature out as do some diseases. As a rule the partisans of a team belong to the place which gives the name to the team, but this is only on the same principle that the holder of a certain stock is generally a "bull" of that stock, and there is not much doubt that the enthusiasm of the crowd is usually the enthusiasm of interested people, as distinguished from enthusiasm for nationality or locality. For the same reasons the enjoyment of the game by one of these vast crowds is not the enjoyment which implies happiness, admiration, and pride.

There is no chivalry in it as in the crowd which goes to see a match for its own sake and uninfluenced by party considerations, and the man who should applaud a fine piece of play by an opponent would be regarded by his fellows as something like a traitor.

If the football fever were confined to the fields of action it would be comparatively well. We should still have to regret the absence of real local patriotism, of sporting instincts, and of any love of the game for its own sake, and we should lament the fierceness fanned into flame by the base interests at stake. But we should console ourselves with the reflection that, after all, the evil was of a temporary character, and that the multitude would become its old steady, hard-working self again after the interval of Sunday. Unfortunately, as a genuine recreation is not the object of attraction, this is not the case. The match of one Saturday is the subject of grave debate until the next one comes off. In every place, at all hours, and in all company, the men in whose keeping is Britain's industrial position among the nations discuss the incidents of the last match and the probabilities of the next, the transfer of this player, the purchase of that, the conduct of this referee, the ruling of that committee, and a hundred other matters associated with the game and the interests linked to it with much more earnestness than they would discuss any political question which did not concern them personally. Urchins play the game in the gutters: Board school teachers exchange views on it during the holiday hours; and even women know more about the merits of Geordie This and Jock That than they do about economy in cooking and the science of making their homes comfortable. Add to this the extra

drinking, the quarrelling, and the opportunities for gambling encouraged by the universal concern in the game, and we can only shudder at the immorality immediately associated with it.

(2) I would lay special stress on fact that the enthusiasm in certain districts of our country for football is in one sense purely passive, inasmuch as for every young man who consistently plays the game there are at least twenty who, although thoroughly conversant with it theoretically, have no practical acquaintance with it. In other words, every Saturday and on many a Wednesday during eight months of the year there are many thousands of strong young men who devote the entire afternoon to playing the part of spectators of the pluck, strength, activity, and skill of twenty-two kicking athletes. Making allowance for the fact that a certain proportion of these men and youths are engaged during five days of the week in severe physical labour in pits, foundries, and ship-yards, and naturally are inclined to take their weekly recreation quietly, we must remember that the much larger proportion are engaged in sedentary and even unwholesome occupations.

Now what a lamentable decay of good material this represents. The question of the physical degeneration of the masses in our country is one which sooner or later will have to be dealt with by as serious legislation as that which is dealing with the question of education. It is already being as seriously considered as we Britons are accustomed to consider any change or reform until it is actually forced upon us, but only with reference to the many who are physically degenerate through no fault of their own, but from the nature of their surroundings at the



most critical period of their lives. But here we have to deal,—or rather we shall have to deal, for the evil results have not yet had time to manifest themselves—with a physical degeneration for which the young men themselves are directly responsible. In case I should be accused of exaggerating this evil, let us for a moment reflect that every Saturday during eight months of the year at least 200,000 men, for the most part young and strong, are idling round a football ground in a state of perpetual excitement and passion not to be soothed by incessant smoking, and winding up the day with proportionate drinking; and if we halve this number, ask ourselves if these 100,000 young men might not be otherwise employed with more benefit to themselves, and, what is just as important, to their posterity?

So, when statisticians and patriots push the paradoxical fact before us that in the one European country where the cult of athletics is a national fetish the physique of the masses is getting to be as low as it is in countries where the man who unnecessarily exerts himself is regarded as a fool, it will be an additional bitter pill to swallow to have it demonstrated that a magnificent national game has largely contributed to such a result.

There never was a period of our history when there was so much necessity for solving this problem of the improvement of the physique of the class upon which we shall have to rely so largely in the hour of need. If we are to stave off the introduction of conscription, of a system repellent to our national ideas, we can only do so by having in readiness some weapon as a substitute. That weapon must be a reserve of human material ready to be knocked quickly into shape, a material rendered sturdy

and supple by popular forms of exercise, and sufficiently trained to be easily moulded into fighting shape by the riding-master and the drill-sergeant. Yet so long as the football fever continues to grow as it has grown during the past few years,—and there is no present sign of a check in its growth—a startlingly large mass of the very sort of material required will not merely get useless and unworkable itself, but will be sowing the seeds of such a crop of weeds as the most elaborate treatment in the future will be unable to eradicate. I can think of only two parallels in the history of the world to the football fever of Great Britain; the one is the universal passion of the people of Rome during the decadence of the Empire for the bloody games of the Circus, and the other is the bull-fights of Spain.

(3) The commercial aspect of the subject, in so essentially an industrial country as ours, is hardly less important than the moral and the physical.

It is an amazing but indisputable fact that in those districts of our country where the football fever is most rabid, and which happens to be the very heart of our industrial world, business is actually subordinate to sport in general and to football in particular. We have no parallel to this in the busiest parts of the South, but if we can imagine the whole of the great industrial region on the banks of the Thames closed upon Derby Day as the whole of Tyneside and the coal-pits for many miles around Newcastle are closed upon Northumberland Plate Day, we can form an idea of the ordinary condition of affairs in the North. Large employers of labour in Yorkshire, in Lancashire, in Durham, and in Northumberland, as well as in the Midlands, have been obliged to yield to the rush of the tide, and are



powerless to command the interests of business against those of football. Momentous events such as the launching of a ship or the completion of an important order within contract time have frequently been delayed by the coincidence of a Cup Tie. Large establishments are occasionally closed in mid-week because the whole body of workmen take it into their heads that their pets on the football ground require encouragement. If these men were ordinary hewers of wood and drawers of water a remedy might be found, but they are chiefly skilled labourers, earners of good wages, who need never be out of work, and who, if turned off, would be eagerly snapped up by a rival. Persuasion is useless, for money is no object to men who can make their three, four, and five pounds for a week of five days; resistance is worse than useless, so the tyrannised employers have in their own interests actually to encourage with purse and patronage what in their hearts they detest. Thus, as I have been told, a large ship-building firm in one of our North Eastern ports has been forced to find good berths for a couple of first-rate football-players during the summer months, merely to retain their services for the local club and to prevent them from being tempted away by a rival. If a man, or half a dozen men are absent from their posts on a Wednesday or a Saturday, nobody asks where they are or if they are ill or dead, it being taken for granted that football somewhere has attracted them away. To ask leave of absence is, of course, an archaic superfluity. Jamie or Geordie wants to be at a certain game: he goes, and there is no more to be said about it; and if some particular feature about the match or its sequel should prevent him from presenting himself at his work on

Monday morning, the same indifference is observed. Revelations concerning the inferiority of certain of our business methods to those of other people have strongly brought before us the effects upon a nation's commerce wrought by a popular craze for diversion, inasmuch as it has been shown that the inefficient equipment of the young Englishman for commercial life, as compared with the same class of man in other countries, is largely due to the excessive prominence given to athletic culture in our schools. It is not with this class that we are now dealing, but it suggests that the state of affairs in our football districts may to no small extent be owing to the example set by those of higher social standing, and that if the young gentlemen of Britain had not become so severely bitten with the athletic mania, it is at least likely that our industrial centres would never have been infected with the football fever.

If asked why the disease should have been peculiarly associated with football and not with any other form of sport, I should answer that football appeals more closely than any other game to the character, inclinations, and instincts of a section of our community which is rough and ready in manner and speech, which has a good deal of the fighting animal in its composition, and which, above all, has never appreciated bodily exertion for its own sake. The youth of the class from which the huge football crowds are drawn throws off with boyhood his fondness for sport, and especially competitive sport, for barren honour; but, give him the chance of making a few shillings by it, his latent enthusiasm is aroused, and if, as is most frequently the case, he is unable or disinclined to perform himself, he will gladly invest his money in the performances of others.

And herein, I take it, lies the core of the disease, that what is undoubtedly a fine game, calling for the exercise of some of the best qualities in man if properly played, and as it generally is played when no pecuniary considerations are at stake, should have become, not a channel through which health and pluck are instilled into the bodies and minds of hundreds of thousands of our rising generation, but a direct incentive to idling, gambling, drinking, and quarrelling, and lastly that the fascination of it should keep so many of our fellow countrymen away from recreations of real value.

To this last it may be replied that, bearing in mind the peculiar dispositions of the class from which the crowds that gather at a football-match are drawn, if there were no football fever other pastimes of possibly an even more objectionable and unwholesome character would occupy its place. This might be so, but I confess to holding this particular class in higher estimation than to believe that it would be. After all, notwithstanding its roughness, its ignorance and the animalism associated with ignorance, its intense suspicion of anything savouring of interference from outside, this class, which practically

means the industrial class generally, is wonderfully amenable to reason, and almost childishly infected by example. Clergymen, doctors, and others whose duties compel them to mix constantly with it, saddened and shocked as they may be by much that they see and hear, are unanimous in their declaration that beneath the dark, sullen dross there is a vast amount of bright metal capable of being brought to the surface with tact, skill, and forbearance, and that if but a tithe of the exertions and money employed in missions among foreign heathen could be invested nearer home the reward in time would be great indeed.

At present any attempt to grapple philanthropically with the football fever seems only quixotic. Being, however, a veritable craze there is just a chance that it may go the way of all crazes, and pass away. Then will be the grand opportunity for the patriotic missionary class to direct every effort towards preventing the substitution of a craze with worse features, and to gently lead to the surface the good which has been so long hidden, and so mould it as to be a source of real strength to the country.

H. F. ABELL.

## THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

## I.

MEXICO is a Federal Republic, a league of twenty-seven States, each of which proudly calls itself Free and Sovereign. Each State has its own parliament, which meets in the State capital, and each elects its own governor. The whole Republic sends representatives to the Federal, or National, Congress, which meets in the city of Mexico. The President of the Republic is elected for four years.

The Constitution, modelled on THE RIGHTS OF MAN and the Constitution of the United States, declares that sovereignty resides essentially and originally in the people. Mexico, however, is, and has been for a long time past, ruled by one man, General Porfirio Diaz. Nominally a constitutional President, he is really a Dictator. He has managed to make himself, and to remain for a quarter of a century, absolutely master of the country, which is nearly twice as large as France, and of the people, a dozen millions of the most turbulent in the world.

If we ask how he has managed to do this, there are two answers. By force of his genius and his patriotism, say his friends, his newspapers, his historians, and the travellers whom he gravely patronises, and who diligently advertise him in return. By murder, exile, and bribery, say his enemies,—from the safe side of the Rio Grande. No one can deny, however, that he is one of the ablest rulers living, and one of the bravest men. He is now in his 74th year,

and has been President six times, the last five times consecutively. His present term of office expires on the 30th of next November, and he will then have governed Mexico for 24 years.

Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca, the capital of the State of that name, on September 15th, 1830, some eight years after Mexico's independence. One of the youngest of a large family, he grew up very strong and hardy, needing, like the Indians, little sleep, never ill and almost never tired. His father, who is said to have kept a small inn, died when he was three years old.

Since Don Porfirio became a great man, an agreeable origin has been found for him. Flattering biographers profess to have discovered that his Spanish ancestor came from the province of Asturias in the train of the conquerors. The name of this ancestor is not given, nor that of any of the President's forefathers beyond the last generation. A little rill of migration from the country of Martines trickles into southern Mexico, and may have done so for many generations. It brings tough sturdy frugal fellows, who marry (ecclesiastically, seldom legally, and in Mexico Church and State do not recognise each other's marriages) Indian women or *mestizas*. If they prosper they sometimes send to Spain for nephews and cousins, and even themselves return to spend their old age there. From one of these Diaz may be descended. What is certain is that he is a *mestizo*, that is, of mixed European and native Indian race,

the European probably Spanish, the Indian probably Zapotec, and very likely his greatest qualities come from the latter stock.

The Zapotec of the present day is a *serrano*, a mountaineer, hardy, intelligent, obstinate, frugal, and he is naturally well-bred. Both men and women have soft voices and quiet manners. They are less noisy than the Indians of the plains, of darker complexion and sturdier frame, and they have immense endurance and tenacity, while family affection is as strong among them as among the Jews. The history of the Zapotec nation is lost in antiquity, its language and a few strange ruins alone having survived. It inhabited the country which is now southern Mexico ages before the Aztec invasion, and was never completely conquered either by the Aztec or the Spaniard. The city of Oaxaca lies within the old Zapotec territory. Benito Juarez, the honest President, the greatest of all the Mexicans, was a pure Zapotec Indian, born 24 years before Diaz in a village of the Sierra a dozen leagues from the city.

Under Spain all teaching was in the hands of the Church, but the young Republic at once opened schools, and in Diaz's boyhood there was a fair education to be had in Oaxaca. Full of energy and enterprise as a lad, he soon entered on both civil and military employment, and in each rose to the highest rank. He was law-student, lawyer, professor in the law-school of his native city, *jefe politico* (chief of police and district executive officer) in the most important districts of his State, representative of his State in the Federal Congress, governor of the city, and finally governor of the State. He was a volunteer in the militia at 17, became a captain in the national

guard, a lieutenant-colonel at 29, a brigadier at 31, and general commanding the Army of the South at 37. In the intervals of other occupations he was a sugar planter. But above all he was a born fighter, alert, cool, ingenious, lucky, and incredibly swift.

With the dawn of freedom in Mexico there came into existence a party calling itself Liberal, which opposed clerical and military privilege, and the Clerigos and Liberales were the chief antagonistic parties till the final triumph of the latter. As a young man Diaz joined the Liberal Party, whose most distinguished leader then was Juarez.

When Juarez became constitutional President the Clerigos did not accept their defeat. With the aid of France, Austria, and Rome they tried to establish a Mexican Empire with the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as Emperor. For a time the allies were successful. Juarez with his cabinet was driven to the northern frontier; Diaz, in the south, was besieged in his native city by the French General Bazaine, defeated, and taken prisoner. He refused to give his parole and was confined in Puebla, but made a romantic escape and was soon again at the head of the national forces of the south.

Maximilian's reign in Mexico could not survive the withdrawal of the French army. Juarez returned towards the capital from the north, received everywhere as the legitimately elected President, and organising the government as he went. Diaz advanced with his army from the south, also restoring some kind of order in the country as he passed through it. He beat the Imperialists at Puebla and took that city, and Juarez ordered him to occupy the capital. Maximilian had fled from it to Querétaro. A reign of terror

existed in the city. The Imperialist garrison robbed and murdered at will. Diaz sent word that if the gates were opened to him he would safeguard the lives and property of the citizens, as he had done at Puebla; but the Imperialist commander refused to yield.

Diaz, with his victorious army fresh from their success at Puebla, could have taken it, but would not expose the citizens to the horrors of an assault. He saw that by a short delay he would win it without loss of blood, and he waited. He was called a coward and a traitor, was accused of having been bribed by the enemy, and was denounced to the President. He remained unmoved, and Juarez was too wise to mistrust him. His expectation was justified, and he took peaceable possession of the city. He proclaimed that the penalty for theft or disorder would be death, and as he was known to be likely to keep his word, there was, as in Puebla, no riot, no pillage, not a single act of violence. His army entered with waggon-loads of bread for the starving citizens, and he stopped the introduction of *pulque* into the city for three days, so that no one should get drunk. Such measures were new in Mexican fighting.

Maximilian was captured at Querétaro, refused to escape, was tried, condemned, and shot, along with two of the Mexican imperialist leaders, Miramon and Mejia. The others were banished or pardoned, and Republican government, which has not since been threatened, was restored. Next to Juarez, Porfirio Diaz, now 36 years of age, had become the most distinguished figure in Mexico. Already a party had formed itself which desired to make him President, but the majority of the Liberales, Diaz himself included, wished for Juarez, and Juarez was re-elected.

Diaz meantime had been married (by proxy and while absent on this campaign) to a young lady of his native city. His fellow citizens presented him with a *hacienda*, and he retired for the time to Oaxaca and private life. But at the next election, that of 1871, he was a candidate for the presidency. The others were Juarez and Sebastian Lerdo. No candidate received a sufficient majority, and Congress, with which the decision accordingly rested, declared Juarez elected.

Diaz thought that his opportunity had now come. He and his friends refused to recognise the election. They said that the Government had tampered with the polls and influenced the voting through the local officials, that Juarez had already held the presidency for two consecutive terms, and that it was not consistent with republican principles for him to continue longer in office. Diaz issued a manifesto to the Mexican people calling for "The Constitution of '57 and Electoral Freedom, less government and more liberties," election cries of the usual Mexican type and meant to tickle the ears of the groundlings. It was to Juarez that the nation owed the Constitution of 1857, and in great part such electoral freedom as it had. His failing as a Mexican ruler (and it leaned to virtue's side) was that he consulted the people too much, and thus invited opposition.

Juarez was to enter on his new term of office on December 1st, 1871, and Don Porfirio acted with his wonted swiftness. A month before that day he seized the arsenal at Oaxaca and marched on the Government troops. His project very nearly succeeded, but not quite. Juarez, though himself no soldier, was too strong. Many cruel and bloody battles were fought, but the Porfiristas were worsted. In one skirmish

Diaz's brother Felix was killed, and Diaz himself fled to Tepic on the Pacific coast.

But the fighting was scarcely over when Juarez, the noble Indian President, the Washington of Mexico, worn out with his labours, died in July, 1872, at the age of 66.

On the death of Juarez the presidency devolved, in terms of the Constitution, upon the President of the Supreme Court until a new election could be held. This was Sebastian Lerdo, who, like Diaz, had been an unsuccessful candidate at the last election. Lerdo immediately proclaimed a general amnesty to those who had taken part in the late insurrection, and arranged for a new election, determined this time to succeed.

It is characteristic of Diaz that, his party having been defeated in battle, disorganised, and impoverished, and himself in exile, he boldly wrote to Lerdo refusing the amnesty unless under conditions which he dictated as if he had been President and Lerdo the outlaw. Among these were "the inviolable establishment of popular suffrage," and a constitutional reform providing that no one should be President for more than two consecutive terms. How much sincerity there was in these conditions we may perhaps judge when we come to see the sense in which he carried the same principles into practice when himself in office. Lerdo, however, refused to bargain, and after some months Diaz submitted.

Being in power, although temporarily, Lerdo found no difficulty in being elected by a majority. In Mexico a President who desired to remain in office, and used the means at his command for that end, could only be removed by a revolution. He could place a friend in every federal office and in every command in the army. By concessions, privi-

leges, or direct bribery on the one side, and by fear on the other, he could gain the leading officials in the different States, every one of whom knows that the Government can make his fortune or find means to ruin him. In Mexico no man's property, liberty, or life is safe who chooses to make trouble for the powers in office.

Lerdo was accordingly formally elected President in October, 1872, for the ensuing four years, and Diaz, having accepted the amnesty, retired to his *hacienda* in the south and waited quietly for what might come.

Lerdo, when the end of his term approached, once more took measures of the usual kind to secure his reelection, but unfortunately for him, not sufficient ones. He might have made himself secure by the simple plan of removing persons who were in his way; having them, for example, arrested and then disposed of by the application of the Fugitive Law (a law in force in the United States as well as in Mexico), under which a prisoner attempting to escape may be shot "to prevent evasion." This, as a method of getting rid of an inconvenient captive, is still occasionally practised in Mexico. He is removed ostensibly from one prison to a safer or more convenient one, and by night, lest his rescue should be attempted. But at some quiet place on the way he is recommended to kneel and say his prayers, and while he does so is shot from behind. The bullet holes are thus the corroborative evidence that he was running away. Fugitive political opponents of President Diaz do not hesitate to assert, in the countries in which they have found an asylum, that he too has used in a wholesale manner this "Short Way with Dissenters."

Lerdo's precautions were, however, comparatively feeble. He imprisoned and sent out of the country several



of Diaz's more prominent supporters, Generals Chacon, Mirafuentes, and others. The most dangerous of them all, General Manuel Gonzalez, and Diaz himself, he merely placed under the surveillance of a secret police. The Porfiristas were able to organise a revolution, the last, as it turned out, and one of the bloodiest, on Mexico's long roll, and by the time of the next election in 1876 so much fighting was going on that less than half the usual votes were recorded. Lerdo, however, easily organised an Electoral Commission which declared him duly re-elected President.

But he had meantime allowed Diaz and Gonzalez to escape. Whether he meant to dispose of them *more Mexicano* or not it is difficult to say. If he did, he delayed too long. In December, 1875, they slipped away together to the coast and sailed in the English steamer *CORSICA* for Matamoros on the northern frontier. Each could count on staunch supporters where blood was thicker than water. Meantime their friend, and one of the leaders of the Porfiristas, General Fidencio Hernandez, was to publish their plan in the south, and march with an army northwards on the capital, while Diaz himself and Gonzalez were to return from the north to meet him, raising the country against Lerdo as they came.

In the United States the manifesto, or programme, of a political party is called a *platform*; in Mexico it is called a *plan*. Fidencio Hernandez published Diaz's programme on January 15th, 1876. It is known in Mexican history as the Plan of Tuxtepec, because it was promulgated first in the town of Tuxtepec on the northern border of the State of Oaxaca. This plan, the programme of the last revolution in Mexico, made the usual charges against the Government, which were perfectly

true, and the usual protestations of principle, which would never be put into practice.

Not long ago I stood in the porch of the dwelling of a great Mexican *ranchero*, which was shaded by a row of fine acacias covered with bright scarlet blossoms. I remarked on their beauty, and my host, with an expressive movement of the shoulders, replied: "Yes; do you know what these flowers are called here? We call them the Plan of Tuxtepec."

"Indeed? And why?"

"Oh, they promise so much, but never come to anything."

Fidencio Hernandez carried out his share of the scheme. He marched on the capital. Its garrison joined him with arms and ammunition, and he proclaimed Diaz General in Chief of the revolutionary army.

In the meantime Diaz and Gonzalez were not so fortunate. They arrived at Matamoros to find it occupied by a Lerdist garrison. Quickly crossing the Rio Grande to Brownsville in Texas, they collected there some 40 men, re-crossed the river and took Matamoros, releasing the Lerdist garrison on parole. Their numbers were soon increased to 400, but Lerdo had an army of 4,000 in the neighbourhood, and that part of Mexico was too sparsely populated to admit of their raising a sufficient force to meet it. They accordingly changed their plans and separated, Gonzalez with their followers to find their way south by land, and Diaz to return by sea. The railways of northern Mexico had not yet been built, and the sea voyage was quicker and more convenient than the toilsome march of 500 miles overland.

Diaz crossed back into Texas, made his way to New Orleans, and there, pretending to be a Cuban doctor, took a passage in the steamer *CITY OF HABANA* for Vera-cruz. The

steamer, sailing down the Mexican coast, called at Tampico; but by an unlucky chance the prisoners, taken by Diaz and Gonzalez at Matamoros and released on parole, had marched to Tampico to take the same steamer there on their way to their homes. As soon as they came on board Diaz saw that some of the officers recognised him, and feeling sure that he would be arrested at Vera-cruz, he acted with his usual prompt courage.

At that time there was no harbour either at Tampico or Vera-cruz, and vessels had to anchor a long way off. Waiting only till nightfall, he slipped overboard and struck out for the shore. The swim was a long one, and even if he escaped the sharks, it is doubtful whether he could have made the land; but he was seen from the deck, a boat was sent after him, and he was brought on board again. He was not, however, yet at the end of his resources. Before the steamer reached Vera-cruz he made friends with the steward, who smuggled him ashore there disguised as a sailor in one of the cargo launches. From Vera-cruz he quickly made his way into the interior and across the Sierra to Oaxaca.

Don Porfirio's fortunes, which had now reached their lowest, began at once to mend. In his native place he soon raised an army, with which he hurried north to join Gonzalez. Together they defeated the Government forces with great slaughter, taking 3,000 prisoners with all the artillery, baggage, and war material. Lerdo, who was not a soldier, had remained in the capital, and when he heard of Diaz's victory he promptly took all the money in the treasury, over \$200,000, added to it some \$5,000 more which he found in the Monte de Piedad (the Government pawn-office), and made off with his plunder for the Pacific coast. He

succeeded in reaching Acapulco, where the San Francisco steamers call, and sailed for the United States; there he took up his residence in New York and returned to Mexico no more.

Diaz marched victoriously through the country. Every garrison joined him. He reached Mexico city with a well-equipped army of 12,000 men, and on November 28th, three days before Lerdo's term of office would have expired, proclaimed himself Provisional President.

He immediately organised the Government, appointed a cabinet, and issued summonses for new elections, declaring that all who had falsified votes or aided Lerdo were excluded from office. He published a proclamation calling upon patriots of all parties to aid him to govern constitutionally and without partisanship, at the same time promising the increase of the rural police for the suppression of brigandage, the reform of the Courts of Justice begun by Juarez, the advancement of public instruction, and the development of railways and telegraphs. He was elected almost unanimously on a popular vote as a reformer. The ink was scarcely dry on the Plan of Tuxtepec, and already, with statesman-like astuteness he desired to be trusted by other nations as well as by Mexico; but his great schemes, projects that needed a continuous policy, would have to be postponed. President for four years only, that is till November 30th, 1880, he could not attempt to be re-elected, for he dared not quarrel with his ally Gonzalez, who was only second to himself in popularity, military skill, and prestige, and who would not be satisfied without his turn. It was therefore arranged that Gonzalez should be elected President in his turn after Diaz had held the chair for one term. The patient and far-sighted Oaxaqueño could wait.

During his first presidency he was, however, prodigiously active. With the powerful aid of Gonzalez he quelled a number of small insurrections, got rid of opponents, and cleared the way for a longer lease of power when his partner should have been satisfied. He resumed Mexico's interrupted relations with many other Powers, arranged the boundary disputes with the United States, made commercial treaties with them and with Germany and Italy. Whether or not he had already planned in his mind that stern policy of financial reform by which he has since raised Mexico to solvency and credit, it was clearly useless to begin retrenchment in expenditure with the prospect of such a successor as Gonzalez. The National Debt was overwhelming, the Treasury was empty, the expenditure greatly exceeded the income, the chief sources of revenue were wholly or largely mortgaged, and cash payments had been suspended. But the development of the country could not be altogether postponed, especially in the way of means of communication. In natural wealth Mexico is one of the richest countries in the world, and could easily support 100 millions more than its population. It contains within itself, in consequence of its form and situation, all varieties of the warm and temperate climates, and it produces all their crops; every grain and every fruit grown in Europe, Asia, or Africa grows in Mexico. Its mineral riches are greater even than its agricultural. Since its discovery Mexico has produced enough silver alone to pay the British National Debt. It is still richer in coal and iron than in silver, and there is said to be only one known mineral, cryolite, which has not yet been found in it. Of this heap of treasure only the surface, comparatively speaking, has yet been scratched. With modern means

of communication manufactures, agriculture, mining, all the resources of the country, could be developed; but without cheap and rapid communication neither progress nor even order was possible.

But in 1880 there was neither native capital nor energy to make railroads, and it was necessary therefore to attract foreign capital. The Treasury was indeed empty and the revenue hypothecated. Railways could not be paid for till the resources of the country should be developed, and railways were needed to develop these resources. Diaz took the risk of mortgaging the future; and the more clearly it was seen that he could and would keep order the more inclined foreign adventurers were to take risks. He also pushed forward education (always one of his chief concerns), roads, and other public works, with all his might, thus leaving his successor a legacy of increased debt and liabilities, and of great undertakings to carry on without means.

In the end of 1880 he retired, and by arrangement Gonzalez was peacefully elected. Diaz at first became his Minister of Fomento (Agriculture Industry and Commerce), but in a few months he resigned his portfolio, retired to Oaxaca, was elected governor of that State, and left national affairs to his successor.

General Manuel Gonzalez, "El Mocho (the Mutilated)" as he was familiarly called, for he had lost an arm at Puebla, was nearly as high in popular favour as Don Porfirio himself. He was born at Matamoros on the extreme northern frontier, and as a boy was employed in a bakery there, but at 19 he joined the army, in which he rapidly rose. He was a year or two younger than Diaz, and of pure Spanish blood, his curling hair and enormous moustache proving that

there was nothing of the Indian in him. He was conspicuously brave even for a Mexican, and was one of the best soldiers in the country. A small, thickset, bull-necked fellow with an ugly gash across his large red face, he was adored by the populace, as the successful bull-fighter is adored, for his cool and reckless courage. A well-known American historian of Mexico, who enjoyed Gonzalez's favour and wrote in his lifetime, describes him as an exemplary character, and another authority, still friendly but perhaps more candid, says he had an ardent desire for his country's prosperity, but an even more ardent desire to prosper along with her. Most Mexicans will tell an enquirer that he was one of the greatest thieves Mexico ever produced, and the result was that though he came into office on the full flood of popularity, he left it amid general execrations. Strenuously as he had worked for his country's prosperity, he had at the same time worked too strenuously for his own. In a word, he had tried to steal too much.

Diaz and Gonzalez had defeated Lerdo in 1876, and it had been agreed between them that Diaz should have the first term of office. Then in 1880 Gonzalez's turn had come. Perhaps Diaz would have ignored the bargain, had he been strong enough; but he was not yet strong enough, and he yielded with a good grace.

He and Gonzalez together had disposed of all possible rivals, and Gonzalez now out of the way, Diaz had a clear field and knew how to keep it clear. As it turned out, nothing could have been more fortunate for Diaz than Gonzalez's four years of administration. He kept the country at peace: he carried on with energy all the improvements which Diaz had begun; but he discredited himself and destroyed his own popularity.

Diaz thus entered upon his second term of office with much in his favour. But a task lay before him demanding greater powers than those which had raised him to the presidency and disposed of all his rivals, powers, however, of the same kind, patience, sagacity, and indomitable determination.

## II.

DIAZ had fought his way to power patiently, strenuously, and ruthlessly. In the effort he had not hesitated to sacrifice thousands of lives in insurrectionary war, to imprison, to banish, or, as it is asserted, to get rid even more effectually of those who stood in his way. There is distinguished authority for the maxim that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs.

But, once firmly in power, he turned his splendid energies to the good of the country. He was no longer the ambitious politician, but the sagacious and beneficent ruler. His policy became the advancement of Mexico,—of course with the necessary condition of his own permanence in the presidency. The task he now set before himself could only be fulfilled if he were able to labour at it with continuity. The turmoils of quadrennial electoral contests, the machinations of rival candidates for office, would impede, if not ruin, his work; the change of policy and methods, if he should be replaced by another, even for one presidential term, would be fatal to it. He took his measures accordingly, as he well knew how, and there have been no more contested elections or rival candidates.

From the first he used the simple plan of declining to tolerate an opposition. He had little to fear from the Clerical party. Its two

chief leaders had been shot with Maximilian, and the others exiled.

Of rival leaders among the Liberals, some, like Lerdo, had fled from Mexico and would not dare to come back. Others, like Gonzalez, had had their turn of office in proportion to their importance, and were satisfied by being allowed to keep their plunder. Some irreconcilables were removed, and their places knew them no more. Others escaped from the country. The army, made more efficient and officered by the President's own friends, was so distributed as to keep it detached from local interests.

There would be no more revolutions. And there would be no more changes of President for a long time. The world would be shown that Mexico had at last got a stable Government, which would keep order in the country and make the laws obeyed, a Government whose engagements were not liable to be repudiated by its successor before the ink on them was dry, a Government which could act for Mexico and be held responsible for its acts. Diaz hoped to get rid of the ruinous burden of Mexico's debt, partly by retrenchment, partly by borrowing at cheaper rates of interest. But to enable her to borrow cheaply Mexico's credit must be retrieved, and this would have seemed to most men a hopeless task.

Since it became a nation Mexico had never had one budget in which receipts balanced expenditure; but at Diaz's accession in December, 1884, the financial situation was indeed desperate. The Government owed millions to the banks, to private creditors, and, in unpaid subsidies, to the railway companies. The salaries of all the Government officials were in arrear. All the taxes of the Federal District and a large proportion of the remaining taxes were pawned to the

National Bank. The mints, and seven-eighths of the whole Customs revenue, were hypothecated to various creditors. There was an ordinary expenditure of 26 million dollars to be met; and there was the foreign debt.

The time-honoured expedient would have been repudiation, under the pretext that the new President was not responsible for the acts of his predecessors, or, as regarded a large part of the debt, that Mexico was not morally liable to repay what in point of fact she had never received. Failing repudiation, Diaz, still following precedent, might have suspended payments and made shift to get along for his term of office, and pass on the burden to his successor. He adopted neither plan, determined that Mexico's indebtedness should be redeemed to the last *centavo*.

Setting about his task with military promptness, he began by cutting down expenses, and first those of the army. He suppressed altogether an institution called the Board of Military Administration, and saved its cost. He dismissed every supernumerary, every auxiliary, and every salaried *attaché* from the public service, and reduced the salary of every remaining public functionary. This was his first step, and with it the hopes of Mexico's creditors brightened. His second was to make an arrangement with the National Bank so as to set free at least a part of the public revenue which had been pledged to it. He managed to arrange that it, and those creditors who were paid through it, should accept 15 per cent. of the Customs revenue, the net profits of the National lottery, and \$100,000 per month. This set free 60 per cent. of the Customs receipts, and the Government could now with a pinch make its ordinary budget payments.

There remained the internal debt,



the foreign debt, and the floating debt of the past few years.

As soon as Diaz had cut down expenses to a minimum, and had made his new arrangement with the National Bank, he saw that the next thing was to arrange the country's floating debt, and to pay with regularity the interest on its bonds. He could only do this by raising a new loan on terms so favourable that he should be able to keep them. The new loan must be raised abroad, for there was little or no money in the country; but foreign lenders had long been shy of Mexico. Her former presidents had made promises and broken them, had deferred payments indefinitely, had even in certain cases, with good reason, refused to acknowledge the debts of their predecessors. Diaz began by the recognition of all Mexico's legitimate debts, including those which had been, whether virtually or frankly, repudiated. Within six months of his accession to the presidency he got them all put into clear shape, and in June, 1885, the laws recognising and consolidating the floating debt were promulgated.

The first effect of this straightforward action was on the revenue receipts. Various creditors who had received, in security for loans, assignments of the public taxes, or bills which were accepted in payment of taxes or of Custom duties, now became willing to allow such assignments to be suspended, and the Federal Government once more received payment of its imposts in cash. Such indeed was the confidence awakened in Diaz's sincerity and capacity that many of these creditors made further advances, taking the new bonds of the floating debt.

Diaz took good care to make known abroad what he was doing, and presently European financiers, includ-

ing the bondholders of the English debt, began to recognise that Mexico had not only been for several years at peace, but that she at last had a Government willing, and strong enough, to fulfil its obligations; that her revenue had been taken out of pawn, was growing, was at the Government's disposal, and was being honestly used to meet the country's debts.

The result was that Diaz soon received suggestions from abroad that a loan might be arranged, and, within two years, a definite offer (from Messrs. Bleichroeder of Berlin) to negotiate one. He did not accept the offer till he had fully discussed the proposed terms in Congress, and amended them somewhat in Mexico's favour; and in May, 1888, a new loan of £10,500,000 at six per cent. was floated.

By these operations he had not only paid off a large part of the country's debt, and got a considerable sum of money in hand, but he had also raised, in fact almost created, the credit of the country abroad, and all this had been done without increasing the annual charge for interest, or levying new taxes.

Mexico was now fairly launched on a career of honesty and progress; but an unforeseen and unavoidable peril was arising which almost wrecked the ship. This was the change in the value of silver.

To some readers a brief explanation may be useful. In Mexico, as in India and China, the current money is silver. No gold coins, or notes representing gold, are met with. All values are measured and expressed in silver; everything is bought and sold, taxes, rents, and salaries are paid, in silver. The Mexican Government receives its revenue in silver, but unfortunately it cannot pay all its expenses in the same money. The



interest of the foreign debt, which is by far the larger part of the whole national debt, has to be paid in gold. The immediate causes of the change in the relative value of gold and silver are too well known to be discussed here. Germany declared silver to be no longer money in 1873; the nations of the Latin Union ceased to coin it in 1875; the United States repealed the Sherman Act and stopped buying it in 1892; and a year later Great Britain closed the Indian mints to it.

Thirty years ago silver was worth about five shillings an ounce, and Mexico could pay each pound sterling of interest to her English creditors with five of her own silver dollars. Now, when silver is worth about two shillings an ounce, it costs Mexico nearly 11 Mexican dollars to pay each pound sterling. This tremendous fall in the value of silver did not come all at once. It had begun before Diaz became President, and it went on steadily. As we have seen, he negotiated his first English loan in 1888. By 1892, four years later, silver had fallen so much that it cost him, to pay the interest for the year, four millions more Mexican dollars than it had done in 1888. This was bad enough, but it was not the worst. The same cause that compelled Mexico to pay so much more, deprived her of a large part of her means of paying at all.

An illustration will show how this came about. A Manchester merchant, who sends £100 worth of his goods to be sold in Mexico, requires to get for them in Mexican money the equivalent of his £100 in addition to his profit and expenses. In the old days 500 Mexican dollars would return him £100. But in 1892 the silver dollar, Mexico's coin, had so fallen in value as compared with gold that it required \$700 to

pay for £100. Now it requires about \$1,100 to return £100. Most of the Mexicans could no longer afford to pay for foreign goods. Their own incomes in silver dollars had not increased. They had to be content with domestic productions whose price had not risen. Foreign goods therefore largely ceased to be imported into the country, and the Customs duties, which the Government had received on them, ceased to be paid. The Customs revenue fell by millions of dollars, and the decrease of imports caused a decrease in many kinds of business, and a falling-off in the stamp-revenue and in other taxes. Thus the demonetisation of silver in other countries not only doubled Mexico's debts but greatly lessened her income. Here was a crisis to face for a country which, for the first time in its existence, had begun to cherish the hope that, by a heroic effort and the favour of fortune, it might make both ends meet.

But there was still worse to follow. The stars in their courses seemed to fight against Mexico's solvency.

The great American desert, which occupies nearly half of the United States, stretches also far down into the Mexican plateau. In it and on its borders seasons are uncertain. At the very time of Mexico's worst financial crisis under Diaz a prolonged drought occurred, and over large parts of the country the crops failed and a famine was threatened. Embarrassed as it was, the Government suspended the import duties on grain, and spent 13 million dollars in buying maize and black beans to distribute among the sufferers.

It now seemed so hopeless for Mexico to keep its financial engagements that the majority of the newspapers frankly advised Diaz to suspend gold payments.

But Diaz has the stubbornness and the patience of the Zapotec, and is never calmer or more resolute than in a difficulty. He had determined to raise Mexico's credit, and in the crisis he saw only an opportunity to raise it higher. "We shall gain honour and credit sooner," he said, "by fulfilling engagements in bad times than in prosperity."

Instead of suspending payments he again purged the public service. Once more he cut off every outlay that could be omitted or postponed, dismissed every official that could be dispensed with, and again reduced (this time temporarily and with promise of repayment) the salary of every one retained from the highest to the lowest. These measures alone, outdoing in frugality those of Frederick of Prussia a century before, saved in the first year over \$3,000,000. Strange to say they did not alienate the official class. On the contrary, his policy raised throughout the country a wave of patriotic feeling. State officials, corporations, and private individuals made gifts large and small to the Treasury. The greater number of those employed refused to receive repayment of the percentage taken from their salaries. Associations were formed in many parts of the country to raise money by voluntary subscription for the aid of the Government. Some of these paid the money over; others purchased Mexican bonds and publicly burned them with patriotic speeches and music.

These economies in the public service and these genuine benevolences on the part of the people, though not by themselves sufficient to meet the difficulty, made the President's next measure possible. Confirming Mexico's credit, they enabled him to raise a temporary loan on reasonable terms, with which he paid the current debt, the cash due to the National Bank,

the interest on the consolidated debt, and the subventions promised to the railways. Besides these, he paid off the debt for which the mints had been pledged, and took them back into Government keeping, so that the nation received the profit on the coinage. This was characteristic of the man. Instead of postponing, as a ruler less bold and sagacious might have done, the redemption of the mints till he should be in easy circumstances, Diaz undertook it when he was in the greatest straits for money, making his financial embarrassments the occasion for carrying out such reforms, instead of the excuse for delaying them. This also made for Mexico's credit, and he showed himself, as usual, not the servant but the master of the situation.

Then he turned to taxation, and to such sources of revenue as are recognised to be legitimate in all civilised countries. Direct heirs and heirs by marriage paid no succession duties in Mexico. Diaz imposed one; and, anticipating a method of evasion sometimes successfully practised elsewhere, he placed a tax on all gifts of \$1,000 or more between living persons. He placed taxes on distilleries and tobacco factories, mining properties, dividends from mines, marriage contracts, Government concessions, incomes, and even advertisements, determined that Mexico should pay her debts and be solvent at whatever sacrifice.

He has succeeded as he deserved to succeed. The Mexican budgets now show, and for seven years past have always shown, a surplus. The foreign debt has been again converted and now bears interest at only five per cent., while its bonds are quoted at a premium on the European stock exchanges. This, as we have seen, is due to no financial jugglery, but to determined economy and prudent

management, to Diaz's clear judgment and resolute will, which for many years have been seconded by the skill of a most able financial minister, Senor José Yves Limatour.

But the establishment of financial and political order in Mexico would scarcely have been possible had Diaz thought it needful to be faithful to the creed he proclaimed so loudly in the famous Plan of Tuxtepec. As we have seen, when a candidate for the presidency in 1871 he clamorously denounced Juarez's second re-election as contrary to republican principles. He has since been himself re-elected five times. Not less loudly did he declare the inviolability of popular suffrage, while in the preamble to the Plan of Tuxtepec he complained (against Lerdo) that "the right of suffrage had been reduced to a farce, as the elections were entirely controlled by the President and his adherents." Let us take a glimpse of the management of them under Diaz.

Not very long ago, when I was acting as magistrate in a Mexican district, a certain official, who for the occasion was what in this country might be called Returning Officer, came to me at election time with a document for my approval. It should be explained that the voting at presidential and other elections is not done directly, but by delegates, each section of 500 inhabitants choosing a delegate to represent it in the election of the candidates. The document in question began by stating in the proper phraseology that, in accordance with the law, he, the said official, had called together the citizens to choose an elector; that the meeting had been duly held on the day appointed by the electoral law; that, at the legal hour, nine in the morning, 76 citizens being present, the law directing the procedure was read over, citizen Juan Gonzalez

was appointed president of the meeting, citizens Felipe Garcia and Ramon Ortiz scrutineers, and citizens Pedro Alvarez and Antonio Perez secretaries; that the president then, as directed by the law, enquired whether anyone had any complaint to make of bribery, subornation, cheating, or violence having been used to bring about the election of any particular person; and that, no such complaint being made, the election was proceeded with, the secretary Ramon Ortiz depositing the voting-papers in the urn, and the secretary Pedro Alvarez marking off the names of the voters in the official list; that the election being concluded, the votes having been announced, and the scrutineers having counted and verified them, the president of the meeting declared the citizen Emilio Lopez to be duly elected by 62 votes; that this act of election had accordingly been extended in duplicate and signed by the president of the meeting and the secretaries, and it having been ascertained that the chosen one was qualified by being in the exercise of the rights of Mexican citizenship, a resident in the district, but holding no political authority or jurisdiction in it, and pertaining to the secular state (no ecclesiastic is eligible for any political office in Mexico), the proper credentials had been drawn up in due form and delivered to him. An official seal was affixed to this precious document, and the usual invocation, *Libertad y Constitucion!* as we should say, *God Save the King!* Then followed the signatures, concluding with the official gentleman's own.

Now the names of the signatories were all those of Indians of the place, known to me. All the rest, except the name of the chosen delegate, was fabrication. No such meeting had been held, or called, or thought of,

except by the returning officer. He explained that the thing had been done in the usual way. Of course it would never do to be holding meetings and exciting the Indians needlessly. That would only take their minds off their work and fill their heads with vanity, perhaps raise who could tell what trouble. In point of fact it was not done, and it would come to the same thing in the end. The papers would go to the proper authorities, serve their purpose, be pigeon-holed, and never heard of more. The delegate would give his vote, and the delegates from other sections would give theirs. Each would know how he had voted, but not how anybody else had voted. Only the total number of the votes for each candidate would be published. Don Porfirio had of course told the enumerating officers who was to be elected, and they would take care to give him a sufficient majority.

State officers, governors, deputies, and senators chosen in this way are thus the friends and creatures of the President. What Don Porfirio says is done, and the business of the country goes on smoothly. He uses the machinery of republican government, but he keeps his hand on the throttle-valve.

What has been described takes place in remote districts. The thing is not done quite so simply in the capital, but the result is the same. The great majority of the better educated acquiesce and assist, because they see the advantage of good order, and know that so long as Diaz is in power it is secure, while real government by the masses would be anarchy. Meantime the people can call themselves citizens of a free republic, and are flattered by the name of a power they are not yet fitted to use. They may have that power in time; the machinery, at

least, of free institutions is there, and as education spreads they will gradually it may be hoped, learn to use it. For, however arbitrary General Diaz's government is in fact, he is most careful to keep it strictly constitutional in form. It is in this interesting sense that popular suffrage remains inviolable, and the elections are punctually held. But each term as it comes round sees him re-elected President, and his chosen friends placed in every political office from Minister of State to village *alcalde*.

The Mexicans are not, or at least are not yet, the stuff of which free nations are made. In some important respects they are not a nation at all, but a congeries of tribes and of individuals of uncertain nationality or of none. They are not of one race or of one colour; they have not yet acquired a common language; more than a third of them are ignorant Indians, for the most part very poor, listless, barbarous, bigoted, nearly half a mixture, not always fortunate, of Indian and white man. Of 13 millions only two and a half are of white race, and a large proportion of these by no means the most favourable specimens of the race; many indeed are very undesirable specimens, and many more, to say the least, are of that adventurous and unsettled class which is always attracted to such a country. Among this medley there are many intelligent and energetic men, of very competent astuteness in their own affairs. These are for the most part *mestizos*, and there are numerous cases in which the best qualities of the European and the Indian have not deteriorated in the crossing. And while some of the Indian tribes are feeble and vicious, and, in consequence, are fast dying out, others are robust, hold their own, and even increase, and produce individuals of high

intellectual and physical powers, lawyers, doctors, and other educated men, by no means inferior to their professional brethren of the United States and Europe. But the majority are not yet fitted to have the franchise in a republic. The Constitution gives to every male citizen equally the right of voting so soon as he is 21, or 18 if he is a married man; but the President takes care that this right is not indiscreetly used, and that the enumerators know their business. The officials, to be sure, are carrying on fraud, but they would do that in any case, as Diaz well knows. The Mexican, oppressed for centuries, has learned too well the artifices of the oppressed, and lying is as natural to him as breathing. Even in more advanced republics it is said that the elections are not always managed with absolute purity. In Mexico the electoral fraud may perhaps be judged a pious one. Diaz was to make the country solvent, to bring peace, order, and security out of chronic anarchy, to advance education, industry, all the arts of civilisation, to set Mexico firmly on the road to prosperity, to accustom her unruly people to obey the law. All this could not be done in one short presidential term. The Mexicans had to be forced into and held to new habits of life till they should get accustomed to settle political differences without bloodshed, and to out-vote an opponent, not to kill him. Diaz is a benevolent, but a practical, ruler. He knows that, to do any good, an antecedent condition is that he should maintain himself in power. The Mexicans were ready to shout for the inviolable freedom of suffrage, but by no means ready to use it safely. For the present what they needed was a master who knew how to control and guide them, and who would not let go the reins.

In labouring for the advancement of Mexico Diaz placed order and solvency first, as without these nothing else was possible; but next after these he placed education. That has always been his most cherished object, and he has especially promoted the education of women. As early as 1867, the year of his marriage and of Maximilian's fall, he founded in his native city a model school for girls. National education is free, compulsory, lay and, as nearly as possible, universal. Every parent must send his children to school if there is a school within a league of his home. The country, however, is so large in proportion to the population that there are still districts where the school is further away than that; and then such teaching as there is is given by the village priest. Till the days of the Republic education was altogether in the hands of the clergy, and the Church declared that the catechism was sufficient education for the laity.

But even the sacerdotal instruction is not altogether thrown away. I had a cook who could not read, or even tell the hour by the clock; but she boiled eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day, "But how do you know when they are ready, Chucha?" she answered with a smile which showed all her fine teeth, "Señor, I boil them by the *Credo*." She had been taught, like other Mexican village girls, to patter off the Apostles' Creed. She did not know quite well what the words meant, but they just did nicely to boil eggs with. She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee-pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail) and began to say her creed. At *amen* the eggs were ready.

There are already some 14,000 primary schools, and under Diaz's energetic efforts more are being established every year. Nor has he



neglected to foster higher education. All the chief cities have their public libraries, museums, medical and scientific institutes. There are schools of arts and crafts for men and women, practical schools of mechanics, and an institute of fine arts. The medical schools are equipped with museums of anatomy and pathology, and with facilities for clinical instruction at the hospitals.

Diaz does not hide from his left hand what his right is doing. He has a great property to develop, and he knows the wisdom of the modern maxim, *Advertise!* His country already appeals to the imagination with its romantic history, its mysterious antiquity, and its boundless unexhausted riches. He has had the wit to make advertising agents of all sorts of people, great and small; not only, as is natural, of mining and railway speculators, land agents and company promoters, not only of enterprising journalists and such simple people as casual travellers and wandering novelists, but of serious historians and men of letters, and above all of the consuls and plenipotentiaries of foreign Powers. These readily obtain on all hands selected and favourable statistics, which they publish and even magnify with an ardour proportioned to the urbanity of the President and their own ignorance of a vast untravelled country. These data, omitting to mention practical difficulties such as isolation from markets, impossibility of transport, deficiency and incompetence of labourers, insurmountable obstacles of nature itself, serve to make a picture of which fancy supplies the details. It promises prospective gains not of 50 or 100, but of 5,000 per cent., and is accepted for its very extravagance, which seems beyond human audacity of invention.

Yet living in Mexico one feels that

the civilisation which Diaz is imposing upon the people is purely material. To use an old illustration it is growing like a crystal by accretion from without, not developing from within like a living organism. It is an exotic, like the civilisation which Czar Ivan and Peter the Great and their latest successors have tried to impose upon Russia. That is not to say that it is unreal so far as it goes, but that as yet it does not go very deep.

Diaz has made great efforts to bring foreign colonists and foreign capital into the country. He welcomes immigrants of all nations and all religions, Italians and Chinese, Presbyterians and Mormons, with equal good-will. He offers grants of land to those who will make surveys, whether settlers or speculators. He gives subsidies, concessions, and privileges to those who will build railways and telegraphs, establish lines of steamboats, improve harbours, set up factories. He has spread education, has accustomed people to peace, and made a beginning in teaching them industry; he has brought about financial order and national credit. But, as the proverb says, *Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*; and when you get beneath the courteous exterior of the modern Mexican you come quickly to the Indian savage. Notwithstanding the promotion of education on scientific principles the doubt arises whether the great President has begun the civilisation of his people at the right end. The Catholic Church is disestablished, discredited, and degraded. Yet in its degraded form, mixed and confounded incomprehensibly with relics of the old pagan superstition, it is the only religion of the great bulk of the people,—it, or nothing. The foreigner who passes a year or two in a progressive town of the



Tierra Caliente catches himself wondering whether electric lighting and tramway cars, and even secular schools, would have been the first prescriptions for Sodom and Gomorrah.

Diaz rules the country neither altogether by the free consent of the Mexicans nor against it. He inspires both attachment and fear. The majority are proud of him and content with his rule, and he has the support of that still very limited, but growing, public opinion which sees that he is the ruler the country at present needs, "the true king, the *Koenig*, the man who *can*," as Carlyle says, the judicious and beneficent tyrant. One who meets him now in his vigorous old age is most struck by the personal charm and fascination of the man. He is difficult to resist. His colleagues and subordinates are devoted to him, and he appears to treat them with captivating affection. But he inspires the disaffected with sheer terror. They know his will to be indomitable and that he is as ruthless as Fate. He is practical, steady, without passion, conspicuously lenient where leniency is the dictate of a profounder policy, a very wise man, and though of little general education perfectly versed in his own business, which is that of governing Mexico. He has never lived in any other country, and knows no language but his own. Though not given to reading books, he can read a man's character at a glance. In speaking to him what impressed me even more than his prodigious memory for affairs was his kindness of manner. Some say that has only come in his old age, but that is unlikely; he has always had an extraordinary power of attaching men to himself, and when one meets him one understands it.

He seems to be intimately acquainted with the whole business of the country,

and is constantly appealed to directly; for local administration is not in the hands of the best men but of the President's best friends, whose loyalty to him is a better qualification than any ability. Thus he has sometimes to interfere to secure the punishment of a criminal who would otherwise escape justice, and he is often invoked to protect some victim who will not, or cannot, bribe an oppressive or greedy State official. On such occasions he acts with tact and deliberation, hears the other side, knowing well the probable frailty of both parties, and often puts his decision in the form of a friendly word of counsel, or even as though asking a favour, making it palatable also with the phrases of flattery and affection that the Spanish language copiously supplies. He neglects nothing and forgets nothing. If the meanest citizen writes to him on honest business, he answers immediately with his own hand. He is said to have as good a memory for faces as Cæsar, who knew the names of all the Tenth Legion, and he never fails to greet an old acquaintance instantly by name, though he be but a poor Indian whom he has not seen for 20 years.

One naturally compares Diaz with his great countryman Juarez. Both were born in Oaxaca, but Diaz in the State capital, Juarez in a secluded mountain village. Juarez was a pure Zapotec Indian, Diaz is nearly white. Juarez was born into the colony when Mexico existed not for Mexicans but for the crown of Spain and the Roman Catholic Church, when no one born there, even of pure Spanish father and mother, could hold any public office, when no one could enter or leave the country without leave from the Council of the Indies at Madrid. Although the first printing-press in America was set up in Mexico, and the first American book was printed

there, the clergy were the press censors and no enlightenment reached the laity. All education was in the hands of the Church. Juarez came into the city a boy of 12 unable to read or write, and knowing no language but his Indian dialect. He picked up an education by becoming servant to a friar who did a little bookbinding for the vast religious fraternities of the city, whose convents and monasteries so engirdled it that when Diaz, 50 years later, defended it from Bazaine, he had only to throw up some short connecting lines between their lofty walls to enclose the town.

Each came to be ruler over his countrymen, but it was the Indian lad who swept away the ancient wrong, set law above force, established a free constitution, and saved the country from the invader who sought to rivet on it the chains of class privilege and ecclesiastical tyranny. The other, his pupil, his lieutenant, at last his rival, entered into his labours.

Diaz does not excite in the student of Mexican history the reverent admiration which Juarez does. The Indian President was an honest man, and the *mestizo* knows that honesty is the best policy. Diaz is as strong, as courageous, as unswayed by passion as Juarez, but his objects are more material. He is as practical as nature. If tact be needed no one can use it with more skill; if temper, he is calm; if persuasion, his personal magnetism is irresistible; if force, he is relentless. He has the patience of the Indian and the swiftness of the jaguar. But he is neither loved nor hated like Juarez, perhaps because he is *too* practical. He is not, as Juarez was, in advance of his age; his ideals are those of his day.

And he has been, unlike Juarez, fortunate. Mexico, after a dozen years of struggle, had finally freed

herself from Spain eight years before Diaz was born; and, by the time he came to his maturity, she was tired of the half century of disorder which followed her independence. When Juarez died, Diaz, a generation younger, was at the maturity of his powers, and by natural endowment, character, and training, was the leader fitted for the occasion. His opportunity came at the very moment when he was ready for it. And he started with everything in his favour. When he came into permanent power he had seen his rivals fail and pass away, and had been able to learn by their mistakes. His own record, from a Mexican point of view, was honourable and unstained; for, although he had failed in one bloody revolution, and had first come into power by means of another, this was no discredit in Mexico.

The bigoted Catholic still spits at the name of Juarez, "Now in hell because he robbed God's Church." Diaz was not personally concerned in the Church's disestablishment and disendowment, in fact he has done it some trifling favours. He winks at its illegal processions now that they are harmless, and his second wife is a devout Catholic. It was not he who shot Maximilian and the generals of the clerical party at Querétaro. And Fortune was too kind to permit him to succeed Juarez in the presidency in 1872 as he wished. There were unpopular measures to be introduced, and before he entered on permanent office in 1884 they had all been introduced by others. The still-smouldering Catholic rebellion against liberal government which continued to break out all over the country had been cruelly stamped out by Lerdo. After the last revolution, fighting men whose occupation was gone, many of them members of a vast society, loosely organised, ignorant, undis-

ciplined, predatory, a nineteenth century Mexican *condottieri*, known by the name of La Chinaca, became mere banditti. They infested the roads, and in many districts caused a reign of terror. But numbers of the Chinacos were Diaz's good friends, who had fought for him and might again. Lerdo ordained, and, so far as he could, enforced, martial law and a short shrift for these highwaymen, and was defied and hated. Diaz made the Chinacos themselves rural police, gave their leaders commissions, appointed to each a district for which he was responsible, and told him he would be promptly shot for the first highway robbery that took place in it. The *ci-devant* brigands made capital policemen, the new *rurales* magnified their office, the Mexican roads became as safe as Fleet Street, and Diaz was more popular than ever.

Lerdo, in straits for money, invented and passed a Stamp Act, the most harassing and unpopular that could be devised. Under it every agreement, bill, invoice, contract, diploma of doctor, of dentist, of lawyer, of engineer, of professor, had to bear a stamp. Every business had to keep a complete set of books, which must be deposited, before use, in a Government office to have the pages marked and numbered and proportionate stamps affixed. That Act is still in force, for Diaz too needs money, but the odium of it belongs to Lerdo.

In finance, after Gonzalez's exploits, Diaz was hailed as a deliverer, and his most stringent measures were cheerfully accepted.

Everybody is agreed that there will

be no more disorder in Mexico so long as General Diaz holds the reins. But he is said to be anxious to hand over the government to another while he shall still be able to stand by and see that all goes well. Señor Limatour, his Minister of Finance, and Señor Bernardo Reyes, his War Minister, both younger men, of conspicuous ability and his devoted friends, are talked of as probable successors, Señor Limatour for choice, being the favourite, Mexico's next great problem being a financial one, the question of adopting a gold currency, which Limatour lately came to Europe to study.

The President has his official mansion on the Zocalo, the old public square of Mexico city, and as a citizen his private residence in the Calle de Cadena; but he lives chiefly at Chapultepec (the Hill of the Grasshopper), a mile or two to the southwest of the city by the Paseo de la Reforma. Chapultepec rises abruptly from the plain, just large enough to hold on its crest the palace and a military school. On this hill the old Aztec war-chiefs built a residence. Montezuma lived in it, and there too the Spanish Viceroys held their state, and the six-months' Emperor, Yturpide, and the three-years' Emperor, Maximilian. On the plain below, the United States armies fought the final battle of their invasion, the battle of Chapultepec, in 1847. And from the gates the President's wife, Carmelita, as the Mexicans affectionately call her, may be seen any morning punctually driving to mass.

ANDREW MARSHALL.

## STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY.

## VII.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

OF all Shakespeare's histories *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA* is probably the truest to the facts and at the same time the furthest from being a mere historical play. The poet follows Plutarch's narrative very closely and, by means of the numerous short scenes in the third and fourth acts, contrives to avoid the chronological deviations which are so common in most of his historical plays. And yet, except in so far as it is psychological, the interest of *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA* is almost purely dramatic; finding ourselves plunged into the atmosphere of romantic drama as completely as in *OTHELLO* or *ROMEO AND JULIET*, we often forget the historical foundation. That this should be the characteristic of the play is indeed but natural. When Shakespeare, starting perhaps with the intention of dramatising Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, found himself concerned with the story of two such great personalities as Antony and Cleopatra, it would have been surprising if what might have been merely a dramatised piece of history had not become in his hands a drama thrilling with a passion beyond common experience, and if he had not made us sometimes forget that the man was a Triumvir and the woman Queen of Egypt. Not that Shakespeare himself forgets the political greatness of his hero and heroine, but he keeps it slightly in the back-ground, as though he would have the play depend for its interest chiefly on the clash of human passions,

and only secondarily on the world-wide catastrophe which those passions involved. But, further, historically accurate as the play is, its colour, luxuriance, and magnificence, when contrasted with the severity of Julius Cæsar, and the tremendous non-moral characters of Antony and Cleopatra when set against the human weakness of the virtuous Brutus, make it appear almost unreal and unnatural. And, just as his two great enemies may well have been incomprehensible to the prudent and respectable Augustus, so to us Shakespeare's picture of them may seem in some moods extravagant and unconvincing.

The contrast in the spirit and the method of treatment of these two plays is not, however, solely due to the difference in the characters of their principal personages. The underlying thought which forms the theme of *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA* is very different from that of *JULIUS CÆSAR*. Whereas the motive of *JULIUS CÆSAR* is, as I suggested in my last paper, friendship, the spiritual and intellectual side of love, *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA* is, in the words of Dr. Brandes, a drama of sheer physical passion. Just as in Cleopatra "her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love," that is to say, to quote the same critic again, "her passion is purely and unmixedly erotic" (the explanation is indeed somewhat in the nature of a parody), so Antony, who appeared in *JULIUS CÆSAR* as at the same time Cæsar's devoted friend and an unscrupulous

politician willing to sacrifice all to ambition, has by this time sacrificed to his passion for Cleopatra all that his ambition had won. Nor has Shakespeare cared to make their passion beautiful. It is violent, overpowering, tragic, and, at last, pathetic; but between them there is none of the tenderness of Romeo and Juliet, none of the magnanimity which makes Othello's murder of Desdemona almost an act of self-sacrifice. Shakespeare rightly refused to idealise these lovers, or, if he has done so by raising them somewhat above the level of ordinary mortals, they always remain consistent, and owe nothing to a refinement inappropriate to their characters. The best description that Cleopatra can find for the absent Antony is

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgenet of men,

for it is pride rather than love which moves her; while Antony's most characteristic name for the Queen is "My serpent of Old Nile."

The relations between the two are, indeed, often distressing and more tragic, in the looser sense of the word, even than their death. Their mutual distrust all through the play is almost disgusting; in their love there is scarcely any feeling of friendship, only mere desire,—indeed they seem at times almost to despise each other's characters. For Antony his sacrifice is a wanton waste of all his chances of greatness. In the face of the invectives of Cicero and the hatred and distrust of the Roman Senate he had made himself master of half the Empire, and with his greater military capacity was well-nigh a match for the superior political ability of Augustus, with whom, as it must have seemed to contemporaries, he might have ruled on equal terms,

even though he could not wrest Italy from him. But in Cleopatra's embrace he cries

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide  
arch  
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is  
my space.  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth  
alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of  
life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual  
pair  
And such a twain can do't, in which I  
bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to  
weet  
We stand up peerless.

And so they do; Antony and Cleopatra exceed in stature all the famous lovers of history. By the might and the rush of their passion they themselves are ennobled, while by its eloquence we are moved to a sympathy with them which they, perhaps, deserve but little. As an admirable critic and philosopher once put it: "The moral of Antony and Cleopatra is not 'See what a punishment lust brings with it,' but 'See what you must be prepared to face if you are willing to sacrifice all to lust.'" The atmosphere of the play is neither moral nor immoral, but the poet, his creatures, and his audience are all swept on by a wave of emotion so mighty that all other considerations are irrelevant and trifling.

But still the feeling recurs that Antony's sacrifice was scarcely worth while. Cleopatra was beautiful, witty, fascinating, violent, and false, and, to all appearance incapable of genuine affection. It is difficult to sympathise with those who find in her the most attractive of Shakespeare's heroines; indeed, I am much more inclined to accept the theory that Shakespeare, embittered against women as he is said to have been in the latter part of

his life, held Cleopatra up to loathing as an example of wanton cruelty and worthlessness. For her, indeed, the game was better worth playing. From Antony she gained not only her own personal gratification, but the gift of kingdoms and the prospect of empire, with the satisfaction of having the greatest soldier of the day at her feet. That she exerted a most powerful charm over all who met her cannot be denied ; as Enobarbus says,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom  
stale  
Her infinite variety : other women cloy  
The appetites they feed : but she makes  
hungry  
Where most she satisfies : for vilest  
things  
Become themselves in her.

If these lines told us all that we know of her we should accept Antony's madness with comprehension and a measure of sympathy, acknowledging Cleopatra among those fatal queens of history before whose terrible beauty all men were doomed to bow. But what we know besides of her character makes it less easy to understand the permanence of her empire over a man like Antony. For here was no weakling, no ordinary sensualist, nor even a man accustomed to be blindly led by his impulses. He had reached his great position by a diplomatic craftiness only second to that of Octavius, and by an indifference to military hardships scarcely inferior to Julius Cæsar's powers of endurance. This was fully recognised even by his enemies, and Octavius in a soliloquy in this play, while urging Antony to abandon Cleopatra and a life of pleasure, exclaims

When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou  
slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st  
against,  
Though daintily brought up, with  
patience more  
Than savages could suffer.

It is then the complexity of his character which makes Antony interesting. His personality is not merely two-fold. The hardy soldier in time of war has been commonly enough a slave of pleasure in peace. As a politician he was cunning enough to dupe the murderers of Cæsar and almost deceive Octavius himself, while his vigour and energy are made sufficiently evident by the violent invective of Cicero's Philippics. He was, indeed, a man of great natural abilities and remarkable lack of moral principle, who had all his life suffered from the circumstances in which he was placed. The handsomeness for which he was famous in youth was always a questionable advantage at Rome ; and, even if we put aside the scandalous stories with which Cicero tried to blacken his character, we may well believe Plutarch that his intimacy with the notorious Caius Scribonius Curio "fell upon him like some pestilence" and hurried him into all manner of extravagance and debt, while his short connection with Clodius impelled him yet further in the same direction.

But it is natural to suppose that it was his friendship with Cæsar which had most influence on his character. From him he must have learned much both of generalship and state-craft, but by him also he was encouraged in the luxury of his private life. To Cæsar Antony was not only welcome as a boon-companion, but, as Plutarch assures us, he feared serious men and would have none but men of pleasure, with whom he felt safe, about his person. To Cæsar's own character, or rather to his success, his private vices made little difference ;



pleasure was to him but an amusement and he was always his own master. But it was here that Antony's inferiority showed itself; he had always lacked Caesar's self-command and, after the training that he had received, it was not unnatural that he eventually sacrificed all his interests to his passions. His courage he never lost, but his judgment became more and more enslaved by Cleopatra; till at the last, against his own will and against the will of his captains, he was induced by her, in order that her navy might have a chance of distinction, to face Octavius by sea at Actium. It was this decision which hurried him on to the tragic climax of his life. Cleopatra with all her "sixty sails" fled from the battle, and Antony, by following her, threw away his last chance of success and his last shred of honour. He himself fully realised his servitude:

Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by  
the strings,  
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er  
my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and  
that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of  
the gods  
Command me.

The chief interest, then, of this play is its tragic interest, the self-abandonment and ruin of Antony. But it possesses also a historical and political interest which, though secondary, is none the less of considerable importance. The murder of Julius Caesar had upset the equilibrium of the Roman world. The State had for the best part of a century been drifting towards the despotism which he achieved for its salvation. Cicero had talked largely and struggled honestly against him, Pompey had

floundered jealously, both equally in vain. It looked as if personal monarchy were to be permanently and peacefully established, when the work of Marius, the Gracchi, and of Caesar himself was undone by a group of republican theorists, ineffectively supported by the aristocrats whose government Caesar had superseded. But the tyrannicides had only postponed the final establishment of the principate and had made a return to civil war necessary in order to settle who should be the *princeps*. It was soon evident that the republicans were utterly unable to make head against Antony, who, as Caesar's friend and *legatus*, determined to be his successor. They were compelled to turn for military support to Octavius, by lavish eulogies of whom Cicero tried both to drown the nervous apprehensions of himself and his friends and to convince Octavius of the beauty of republican principles. The alliance with the new Caesar being once made and Octavius pitted against Antony, it was merely a return to the old personal struggle of Pompey and Caesar; with the difference that Pompey, the Senate's old ally, had no definite purpose of making himself ruler of Rome, whereas it must from the first have been clear to all who were not wilfully blind that the young Octavius regarded himself as his "father's" political as well as private heir.

So far then from restoring the old order of things, Brutus and his friends had but plunged the State again into civil war; nor was it by any means evident at first that the war would have a speedy and satisfactory issue. The expedient of a partition of power and government by a triumvirate could never have remained permanent. Lepidus was, in the words of Antony's extraordinarily descriptive epigram, but

a slight unmeritable man  
Meet to be sent on errands,

and the jealousy of Antony and Octavius would never permit them to work together. Nor, when the inevitable war between them broke out, was it at all clear at the outset that the superior statesmanship of Octavius would gain the victory. Antony was a good soldier and possessed far more experience in war than his rival; moreover, as we learn from Plutarch, his rough good humour, accessibility, and familiar manners had won for him great popularity among his soldiers. He and his lieutenants practically controlled all the eastern half of the Roman Empire, whence he could draw a vast revenue in the shape of tribute from subject peoples, and he had also the great wealth of Egypt at his command.

The war between the future Augustus on the one hand and Antony and Cleopatra on the other was thus, in a sense, a struggle between Eastern and Western civilisation, between Rome, as typified by the cold and calculating Cæsar, and the East, most fitly represented by the crafty, yet passionate, Egyptian Queen. The victory of Cæsar really decided the future character of the Roman Empire and with it the subsequent history of Europe. The victory of Antony might have meant the shifting of the seat of empire from Italy to Egypt, and it certainly would have involved a great modification of Roman methods and Roman ideals. It is said that Alexandria had long chafed at her subjection to Rome, and that the city, which for long was the intellectual capital of the world, claimed at least equality with its political capital. It is, indeed, hard to believe that Antony and Cleopatra could have made of the Roman Empire an Oriental despotism, for the times were not yet ripe for the

creation of an Eastern Empire nor was Antony the man to found a lasting dynasty. But it was not many years later that Rome showed herself singularly ready to welcome Eastern ideas both in religion and politics, and certainly the behaviour of Antony in Egypt gave ground for the apprehensions of Romans.

I' the market-place, on a tribunal  
silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet  
sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's  
son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their  
lust  
Since then hath made between them.  
Unto her  
He gave the stablishment of Egypt;  
made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia  
Absolute queen.

\* \* \*

She

In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave  
audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

This ceremony, when he also divided a large part of Asia among his children by Cleopatra, caused the greatest indignation at Rome where, as Plutarch tells us, "it appeared theatrical (*τραγικός*) and arrogant, and to show hatred of the Romans." That he should publicly dress his sons in the national costume of Medes and Armenians and have them saluted in true Oriental fashion as kings of kings showed a wilful contempt for the political sensibilities of Romans, while the mock-deification of Cleopatra was an offence to the national religion of Rome. Like Jeroboam's calves this ceremony had more political than religious significance, and it cannot but have aroused the hopes of provincials and the fears of Romans for the separation of the East from the Empire.

But the schemes of Antony and Cleopatra, whatever they may have been, were wrecked at Actium. After that great defeat there could be no more hope of a victory over Caesar nor even of a reconciliation with him. It is improbable, in spite of the conciliatory attitude that Shakespeare makes him adopt, and in spite of the marriage of Antony and Octavia, that Octavius ever had any other intention than to crush his dangerous rival. He was not a man to tolerate the thought of an equal in power,—

We could not stall together  
In the whole world,—

and it is difficult not to suppose that Antony's ruinous devotion to Cleopatra must have been welcome to him. It would not, indeed, be inconsistent with his character if he had designed the marriage with that "piece of virtue" Octavia, to whom he can scarcely have believed that Cleopatra's lover would ever remain faithful, merely in order to blacken Antony's character yet further in the eyes of the Romans.

But it is in their ruin that Antony and Cleopatra are most magnificent. If Antony is disappointing as a politician, and if, from a dramatic point of view, his character is scarcely of the highest interest during his life, he at least rises to a wonderful eloquence and dignity at the last, while Cleopatra in her death achieves a tragic grandeur unequalled by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Whether she really intended to make a treacherous peace with Caesar is at least uncertain, and, as Plutarch says that this was only a feint to gain time for further resistance, we may give her the benefit of the doubt. The fact that in the play we have no hint that she was deceiving Caesar has called forth the interest-

ing suggestion that Shakespeare, in his desire to disparage the type of woman at whose hands he had himself suffered, wilfully conceals this side of her conduct and leads us to think that she would have reconciled herself with Octavius, if he would have spared her the shame of being taken to Rome as a captive. Such conduct at least would be fully consonant with her thoroughly Oriental character, nor does her supposed treachery make her wild grief at Antony's death any less genuine or, indeed, any less convincing. That Cleopatra should at one moment plan a treacherous desertion of her lover, and then, on finding him dying, recover all her old passion for him, is so characteristic of her that we may, after all, well believe Shakespeare's story to be true.

It has been held that ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is the most essentially tragic of all Shakespeare's plays, that it arouses the strictly tragic sensation more properly than HAMLET, than OTHELLO, or than MACBETH. This, of course, is a matter of opinion and depends on what is meant by the sensation proper to tragedy and what is the chief element in it. If we adopt Aristotle's definition that "pity for others" or "fear for one like oneself" is the chief part of the tragic emotion, Othello or Romeo and Juliet are fitter objects for pity, while it is in Hamlet, above all, that each man may tremble at his own possible fate. But it is true that in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, as much as in any of the plays, we see two human beings swept by passion into the net-work of misfortune and struggling with a fate that is too strong for them; and throughout the latter part of the play we get the feeling of impending disaster, the essential note of Greek tragedy, more strongly than in any of Shakespeare's

plays. This makes it the more regrettable that these last acts are technically so unsatisfactory. In order to give us a picture of all the different events which were at the same time leading up to the final catastrophe, Shakespeare has divided the third and fourth acts into an innumerable number of short scenes laid in different parts of the Empire, thus making them dramatically somewhat ineffective and unconvincing. It is impossible to maintain the sense of catastrophe, when the story is thus interrupted and chopped up into scenes of a few lines each, and when we are hurried from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, thence to Athens, and then back to Rome again before we get to Actium and finally to Egypt. An immense amount of dramatic force is necessarily wasted if the play-wright gives us a succession of short scenes, each in a different place, and, though they may all be of vital importance to the development of the story, concerned with different personages and not immediately connected with each other.

It was only the genius of Shakespeare which could make the closing acts of this play so impressive in spite of this defect. He voluntarily rendered his task enormously difficult and yet succeeded in giving us in these acts a living record of passion, terror, and despair. But it is worthy of note that their value is literary rather than dramatic, and that our admiration is aroused more by the wonderful eloquence of Antony and Cleopatra and by the beauty of the lines which they utter than by any skill in dramatic construction. Such lines are those of Antony on perceiving Octavia's tears at parting with her brother,

The April's in her eyes: it is love's  
spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on:

or in his speech to Cleopatra after a momentary triumph,

O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou,  
attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart,  
and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

with her reply,

Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling  
from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

or, to choose one more passage, and that perhaps the finest:

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.

It is when one reads such lines as these, after considering the curiously faulty construction of the play, that one begins to perceive truth in the paradox that Shakespeare's tragedies show him greater as a lyric poet than as a dramatist.

I have left to the last any detailed consideration of the character of Cleopatra because it is only at the last that she attains to a certain nobleness and dignity. A creature strangely compounded of craft and passion, she is a type of the difficulties with which Rome had to deal in her task of imposing Western civilisation upon the East, and her subjugation, especially after she had captured and enslaved Antony, was of the utmost necessity for the success of Augustus and the Empire. But if, politically, Cleopatra was an incalculable danger, personally as a friend, a mistress, or an enemy she was yet more formidable. Without heart and without principle, she must have possessed all a man's intellectual force combined with a

power of fascination granted to few women, and a love of admiration and an insatiable capacity for pleasure much beyond the ordinary bounds of human nature. Moreover, the charm that she exercised was such that, even when her treachery and heartlessness were fully known, a man would pardon her, or, unforgiving, would remain her slave.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave  
charm,—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and  
call'd them home;  
Whose bosom was my crownnet, my  
chief end,—  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and  
loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

But, whatever her faults, Cleopatra was not only a great enchantress but a great queen as well, and it is in her death that she appears most royal. Perhaps she had learnt something of Antony, for when she first resolves to die, she says

Let's do it after the high Roman  
fashion,  
And make death proud to take us.

And she certainly achieves a quiet

dignity in her death which she greatly lacked in life. Not for her to be shown "an Egyptian puppet" in the streets of Rome; rather will she die in all the magnificence of royalty by the aid of that "odd worm" whose "biting is immortal."

Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
I have  
Immortal longings in me: now no  
more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist  
this lip; . \* \* \*

I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. \* \* \*

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my  
breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Thus Cleopatra died, with a calm courage indeed and "after the high Roman fashion" as she herself had said, but also with a splendour

fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings,

and with an ironical eloquence which insisted on expression even by her last breath.

J. L. ETTY.

## IMPERIAL PURPOSES AND THEIR COST.

I USE the word *Imperial* strictly, as the adjective of Empire; and, by the Empire, I mean the aggregate of his Majesty's possessions within and without the realm, the totality of his subjects wherever they reside. We may thus distinguish the Empire from its groups as a whole from its parts; and an Imperial purpose will denote one that concerns the people of the Empire collectively, is of common obligation, or to which they agree. Some Imperial purposes involve neither regular income nor outlay, as common copyrights, patents, and trade-marks, coastal regulations, or a uniform currency, weights and measures. My object in this paper is to single out those which involve both and, so far as I may, to estimate their probable cost.

The most obvious of Imperial purposes is a court of final appeal. It rests on the elementary duty of a State to administer uniform justice to its constituents and on the correlative duty of the latter to defray the necessary charges. Instead of a single court supreme over the Empire, we maintain a dualism which, whatever be its historic origin, answers to no real need of to-day and which the course of events is resolving into a higher unity.

Let us recall the situation. Appeals for the United Kingdom come before the House of Lords, but the judicial body known by that name is wholly differentiated from the Upper House of Legislature. No lay peer has taken part in its deliberations for one hundred and thirty years; none can do so now. It is a statutory body,

and consists of four professional lawyers with fixed salaries over whom the Lord Chancellor presides. On the other hand, the King or King-in-Council has ceased to adjudicate in the last resort for his subjects over-sea. His functions in this respect are now relegated to the four gentlemen mentioned who, under the same presiding officer, act as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Other judges may indeed be summoned to, or join, either bench; but, as the Lord Chancellor says, as every lawyer knows, and as any one may see from the law-reports, the two courts are in all essential particulars one. Hence the erection of a tribunal, which shall combine the attributes of both and wield jurisdiction over all his Majesty's subjects, is no revolutionary project but is in the direct line of judicatory evolution; it would set the coping-stone on the Imperial fabric.

We may forecast the interior lines of the new court: an increase of the judges to nine or eleven, widening the area of choice to include the Bars of the Empire, separation of the Bench from political influence, and provision for the court's due maintenance from a common fund.

One or two of these points may call for remark. It has been said, and may be feared, that the Colonies, including India, would seek for large sectional representation on an Imperial Bench. The fear, I believe, is groundless; otherwise, they would not in the Conference of 1901 have unanimously declined Mr. Chamberlain's proposal which, aimed at strengthen-



ing the Judicial Committee as it now is, offered them a representation of four in nine without cost. They conceived their true interest to lie, and I submit rightly, not in representation more or less, but in securing the best legal talent to decide their differences.

A second point concerns political influence. This country has no keen feeling on the subject of political judges or judicial politicians. Her Bench has long been secure; only the vivid pages of Dr. Gardiner enable us to realise a different situation. In the Colonies it is otherwise. Half a century has scarcely elapsed since the oldest of them freed her courts from the turmoil of the hustings and the control of the Executive; in not a few the old order still lingers; while in none did the substitution of Cabinet for Crown, so beneficial in many ways to the Mother Country, bring about any salutary change in judicial matters. The sentiment of Greater Britain follows the course of English precedent.

We may suppose the court to consist of eleven members, their salaries to be fixed on the House of Lords' scale, suitable grounds and a habitation worthy of the Empire with library and offices to be provided in some convenient part of London, and a sufficient staff appointed for the conduct of business, publication of reports, and care of buildings. We may suppose, also, that the capital required is obtained by way of loan to be repaid by yearly sums including interest and sinking fund. Under these conditions what would the probable annual cost be?

Lord Chancellor or President ...	£9,000
Ten Judges ...	60,000
Five per cent. for interest and sinking fund on £1,000,000 ...	50,000
Officers, current expenses, &c. ...	8,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>£127,000</b>

Distributed over so large an Empire as the British, the sum is small in comparison with the benefits to be derived. I do not refer to such a would fall immediately to the individual, important as these might be; nor to such as would naturally accrue from a strong Bench moulding into system the multiple forms of law and custom which obtain throughout the Empire. I refer rather to indirect, constructive or constitutional benefits. They are appreciable, for we have seen the United States transformed from a congeries of republics into a nation within the short space of a hundred years. Von Holst discloses to us the process of amalgamation; and, according to his analysis, while many influences contributed to the end, the mightiest force, because most continuous, was the Supreme Court of that country. If, then, a Bench could operate so powerfully on independent States whose centrifugal tendencies were once the despair of statesmen, is there not good reason for holding that a similar institution, working on almost identical lines, would produce, or tend to produce, an equally salutary result on the scattered members of the British Empire?

The next Imperial purpose comprises certain services, diplomatic, consular and commercial, which we shall consider in order.

The functions of the diplomatic service in peace and war are of general interest and its influence over trade is growing yearly so that commercial *attachés* are now commonly appointed to embassies. The stake which the United Kingdom has in the treaty-making power and its exercise must be apparent to everybody; but are not the Constitutional Colonies interested likewise? They have long enjoyed the right of ratification and adoption. Of late years,

a practice has sprung up enabling them to make treaties on their own account, as the Franco-Canadian and Hay-Bond conventions. Now, however necessary this may be in present conditions, it is none the less costly, cumbrous, and disintegrating. If we suppose ambassadors and their staffs to become Imperial officers in the broad sense of the word, what might we expect? There would be no necessary change in *personnel*, but the service would be placed on a broader basis than now, its members would become more conversant with the affairs of the Empire at large, ratification would cause less friction, special appointments for treaty-making would in great measure cease, and the need of communicating with Colonial Ministers pending a negotiation would be reduced to a minimum.

A request for such communication has been frequently made; it was made unanimously at the last Colonial Conference in 1902. The reason is obvious. Self-government serves the British people well and permits an indefinite extension of their dominions at small cost. But it has the defects of its qualities, and the chief of these is that it encourages particularism on both sides: in the Mother Country, because she has no immediate responsibility for colonial affairs; in the Colony, because, left to her own devices or thrown on her own resources, interests grow up apart from, it may be antagonistic to, the Metropolis. If these assume an international aspect, as they easily may and often do, and if, for that reason, they rise above local control, what is more natural than the fear that they shall be overlooked, shelved or set aside, or the impression that such has been the case, if the business is complicated or the negotiation protracted? Need I cite instances? Look to Sir John Macdonald's protest

in regard to the Washington Treaty, the cases of New Guinea and Samoa, or the recent Alaska Arbitration. The situation is unfortunate from every point of view; but, in existing circumstances, how can it be dealt with except as the Conference suggests? Its request was qualified, and properly qualified, by the words, "as far as may be consistent with the confidential negotiations"; but, whatever be the practical interpretation of that phrase, the fact of joint request indicates the trend of Imperial evolution, marks an era in British diplomacy, and affirms the essential partnership which subsists between this country and her offspring in international matters. Without straining the metaphor too far, one may say that partnership carries rights as well as obligations. To my mind, neither can be adequately satisfied in this instance, except by unity of appointment and unity of payment of diplomatic officers.

The consular service should likewise be made Imperial. If you take a map of the consular stations, you will find them set in the chief ports, aligned on the sea-shore. The fact indicates that the primary duty of consuls was and is to safeguard the merchant shipping of the Empire. The Mother Country may easily lead the world in this respect, but the Colonies are not therefore uninterested. Their registered tonnage rises to a million and a half and gives them the fourth place among the nations of the world, while their external trade, half of which is done with foreign peoples, is rapidly increasing. An interesting table just issued from Ottawa shows the percentage of growth between 1892 and 1902 to be 103.25 for Canada, 66.80 for South Africa, 38.0 for Australia, and 31.72 for India as against 27.74 for the United Kingdom. A common service

imports a common obligation. Moreover, consuls are more than guardians of shipping: they are national scouts, pioneers of the trading and manufacturing interests, an intelligence corps that tells where and in what lines trade may be furthered abroad. Are not the Colonies interested in information of this kind? And should not consular reports therefore, which are yearly becoming more valuable, be disseminated throughout the Empire, if not published simultaneously in all principal groups, for the common good? To my mind, one of two courses is feasible; we must either make the consular service Imperial in the broad sense of that word or, as Colonial commerce expands, set up as many series of consuls as there are British trading groups.

But further, the service itself should be expanded. Bonding privileges combined with rapid transit by land have shifted the centres of exchange, so that the interior traffic is no less important than that of the littoral. The information likewise now required of consuls follows the new development, and must tell of the agricultural, mining, and industrial possibilities of the inland regions as well as those which pertain to the sea-shore.

I have named the third service commercial: it would be an intra-Imperial consular system. The need for it springs not merely from the extent of the Empire, the magnitude and variety of its resources, but from the fact that the British dominions, as distinguished from the Russian, form large groups which, homogeneous within themselves, are separated one from another by vast distances. The situation is essentially international and is an ideal one for the British people, for the sea is their highway and the basis of their prosperity is commerce. Germany and the United

States were quick to seize the possibilities of the position and have long had skilled agents at every important point of the British dominions, furthering the trade of their nationals; but, singular as it may seem, we have systematically ignored our good fortune and have no organised means to bring home to our people the mercantile capabilities of their own possessions.

In former days Colonial governors acted as commercial agents in fact if not in name, and the national archives bear ample evidence to their diligence in that regard. On the fall of the mercantile system, however, this practice, which had historically preceded that system and had no necessary connection with it, was involved in the general downfall and allowed to drop, absolutely in the Constitutional Colonies, and substantially in India and the Crown Colonies. I am not of those who think that the old practice should be revived, but of those who consider the old idea adaptable to the new conditions of the Empire. Both investigations and reports should be in the hands of experts and not of amateurs; they should be conducted and made regularly, not intermittently; they should be special in their bearing on trade and not general merely. The service I refer to would be an Intelligence Department whose ramifications should extend throughout the Empire, whose activity should be varied according to the exigencies of trade, and whose work would be for the common benefit of his Majesty's subjects.

Canada has already taken steps in this direction and appointed agents in the West Indies, Australia, and South Africa. Her action is commendable in the circumstances and will no doubt be profitable; other Colonies and even the United King-

dom may find it to their advantage to follow her example ; but surely a multiplication of offices would be avoided, much expense saved, and better work secured by making the service one instead of several, Imperial instead of sectional, a service appointed and controlled by the Empire at large.

It may be said that the establishment of a commercial, the expansion of the consular, and the re-founding of the diplomatic service, would bring about a great change. But the change is necessary and there is strong reason for believing that it would be advantageous to all concerned ; in any event it could not be costly. Diplomacy calls for no additional outlay, while consular and commercial appointments must be gradual. On the basis of the present rates, the expense of the combined services may be set at £1,500,000 a year.

The promotion of trade and intercourse by way of subsidies is another purpose of Imperial import demanding expenditure. The Empire as a whole pays to-day about £1,000,000 a year in subsidies, but, except in the case of the West Indies and West Africa, they are confined to Admiralty and Post-Office services. The point I contend for is that the time is come when, in the interests of all, subsidies should take a wider sweep and when a policy respecting them should be concerted between the Mother Country and her Colonies. As a trade-method they possess the following advantages : they contravene no principle of Free-trade or Protection ; they are not restrictive but enabling ; their cost is definite ; they are easily controlled, and they act directly on the transport system, the chief agent of modern commerce, cheapening freight and passenger rates and facilitating rapid communication.

The chief competitors of the Empire have entered on a policy of subsidies, first to secure their coastal trade and next to promote their foreign trade. Thus Russia pays £364,756 yearly for this purpose, Austria £399,743, Germany £417,525, and France £1,787,271. The German vote may appear small but is supplemented indirectly in many ways, principally by tariff-exemptions on ships' stores and material and differential railway rates. Japan I take to be a Free-trade nation like Holland, yet, in 1889, she subsidised her steamers to the extent of £584,696 a year and has since increased the grant by £160,911 to make good her hold on Korea and China and open new markets in India and Australia. The United States, too, so long engrossed in home-development, is looking abroad for commercial no less than military conquests. The bill, now before Congress and about to become law, gives the shipping interest £1,000,000 sterling annually till 1907 and then £1,600,000. It may be said that the Act is experimental : no doubt, it is ; but, if construed in the light of the world's movement on this question, or in conjunction with the recent railway combinations in the United States and their capture of the Atlantic steamships, it becomes not merely an experiment but a bid, a powerful and well directed bid, for commercial supremacy to perfect the manufacturing supremacy to which the Republic has already attained.

The practical effect of subsidies may be inferred from the recent growth of foreign shipping. From 1890 to 1901 British shipping increased by about two million tons. Notwithstanding this, our comparative standing declined according to the following percentage table which

I take from Sir Robert Giffen's evidence before the Subsidies Committee.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING AND TONNAGE.

Countries	1890 %		1901 %		Increase, + Decrease, -	
	Vessels	Tonnage	Vessels	Tonnage	Vessels	Tonnage
Gt. Britain	74.4	76.3	56.1	57.1	-18.3	-11.2
Germany	8.1	7.5	13.8	16.2	+ 5.7	+ 8.7
France	4.9	5.7	7.6	7.6	+ 2.7	+ 1.9

The figures for the Empire make a still less attractive showing, because her increase was not 2 but 1.8 million tons. The table as it stands is serious enough. It shows that foreign shipping has undergone a more rapid development than British in recent years, and that the development has brought about a displacement on a large scale in the world's carrying trade to the disadvantage of this country. So keen has commercial competition become between the nations that Sir Robert Giffen, a cautious economist of the older school, contemplates not merely subsidised but free carriage of goods in certain cases.

His argument is directed to the preservation of old markets without the Empire for the special benefit of this country, but is equally applicable to new ones within his Majesty's dominions for the common benefit of the several parts, as the Protectorates, the Crown Colonies, India, and, as the external Empire is still an undeveloped patrimony, one may add the Colonies generally. Take the case of South Africa. Germany and the United States are supplying that country with goods which India, Australia, and Canada produce and can produce abundantly. Why, then,

is their exchange so insignificant? The habit of isolation may count for much: the difficulty of securing return-cargoes counts for more; but the chief hindrance lies in the cost of transport. A private firm may risk much to obtain a new avenue of trade, but how can it compete with a State-subsventioned rival or one that, as Mr. Birchenough reports, enjoys differential rates? The rule that applies to new continents, whether steppes, prairies, or veldt, has its application here; facilities for trade must precede trade. Subsidies to steamships and to cables, the hand-maids of commerce, are the most obvious and proved means of providing these facilities.

For a system of subsidies that shall serve at once Great and Greater Britain in their varied interests and link together their several parts for purposes of trade, an additional £1,000,000 would be required, that is to say, £2,000,000 a year for the whole Empire.

The purposes mentioned neither call for large expenditure nor raise issues of great moment; but my fourth heading, protection or security of the Empire, bristles with controversies. There is very little admitted beyond the common-place that adequate defence should be provided, available when required. In a theoretical point of view, therefore, the whole problem will come anew before the Commissioners recently appointed. It will come before them anew in a practical point of view, also: firstly, because the Ministry has wisely granted them a free hand; and, secondly, because the late war and War Commission have amply shown that we are ill-prepared for a great struggle, and that we do not sufficiently utilise the military resources of the Empire.

Common defence raises three main questions. The first is, may the



sphere of local activity in our system be separated from the Imperial? If this be answered in the affirmative, as I think it should and must be, then secondly, what measure of control, what portion of burden, should be allotted to the groups severally? The third point is what control and burden should be assumed by the Empire at large?

A State's defensive system should be adapted to its conditions, and these are generally determined by its geographical situation. Thus, a people exposed to attack by land lays chief stress upon its army; its navy, if it have one, takes second place. With us, Canada and India seem to answer that description. They do so in great measure owing to their continental frontiers, but, in this respect, they are not the rule but the exceptions to the rule; and, in formulating a common policy, we must look to the British Dominions as a whole. Here the conditions are reversed. We are not a Continental Power like Russia, Germany, or France, but oceanic, oceanic in the widest sense of that word, having large possessions in every ocean. Gained in the first instance at sea, the Empire has been preserved on the same element. It remains our bond of union and, if control of the sea were lost by any chance, the Empire would crumble into fragments. The common interest therefore points to sea-power and its preservation as the essence, the prime object, of Imperial policy. Again, as no nation may without distraction permit two warlike supremes within its borders, it follows also that the part assignable to the land-forces must, in the purview of the British Empire, be auxiliary rather than primary, and local rather than general.

It is in this sense that I interpret the Resolution passed by the House of Commons on March 5th, 1862,

defining the liability of the Mother Country in respect to her Colonies. It reads as follows:

That this House (while recognising the claims of all portions of the British Empire to Imperial aid in their protection against perils arising from the consequences of Imperial policy) is of opinion that Colonies, exercising the rights of self-government, ought to undertake the main responsibility for their own internal order and security and ought to assist in their own external defence.

What is the obligation of the United Kingdom? Is it absolute, as Mr. Loring assumes? Should it be terminated in a certain number of years on notice given, as the Defence League proposes? These gentlemen seem to theorise on a serious misconception of facts. I do not find that this country guarantees her Colonies to-day, or has ever guaranteed them, in the same sense in which France guarantees hers. In other words, the right and obligation of self-help and self-defence have always been recognised on both sides, and were operative in New England in 1670, in the American Colonies generally in 1755, in Canada in 1812, as in Rhodesia in 1899. It may have been amplified by, but is not the outcome of, that form of constitutionalism known as self-government; it is rather the complement of those large powers which English colonists generally enjoy and which French colonists would like to obtain. It is no new principle excogitated first in 1862, but was coeval with the first transatlantic settlement. The Resolution of the House of Commons is important in itself as the formal enunciation of constitutional dogma in given circumstances; it is still more important because it may be generalised. If, then, it is generalised, it will extend



beyond the Self-governing Colonies, beyond the Crown Colonies and India; it will cast the burden of local defence, external and internal, on the several groups primarily, and thus afford a practicable basis, heretofore wanting, for a common or Imperial protective policy.

The dictum of Parliament has obvious application to land-forces. Let us see, then, how it might work in the Constitutional Colonies, to which we may add the West Indies because they await only the hand of a statesman to take their place as an Empire-Group. None of these communities are averse to universal service; they would admit, therefore, of a vast expansion of military power under local control. The time is coming quickly, I believe, when the rudiments of military exercises, individual, squad and company drill, will be taught at an early age, or as part of every school-programme; but, meantime, the plan of a volunteer-militia is specially suited to the English Colonies, or, as some prefer, an approximation to the Swiss model,—a form of service that is cheap, does not hinder industry, trains the citizen to the use of arms and concerted action, gives scope for higher military education and field practice, and yields an effective of one in six of the population. On this basis the West Indies would have four hundred thousand trained men within the group, South Africa five hundred thousand, Australasia seven hundred thousand and British North America close upon one million.

Military organisation is in its early days in the Colonies, but it has begun. Reduced to form in Canada about forty years ago, after the trial of several methods and the downfall of three successive ministries, it has recently been adopted in New Zealand, is now proposed for

Australia, and may extend further. It imposes the obligation of service on every able-bodied male of fighting age, whether actually enrolled or not. These constitute the Militia, which may be active or reserve. The active force of Canada consists usually of thirty-seven thousand men of all arms, whose annual drill lasts a fortnight or sixteen days, and whose ordinary term is three years. Every three years, then, some thirty-five thousand men or more pass into the reserve and are accumulated there, men who know how to march, handle a rifle, obey orders, and carry out a prescribed movement. Hospital and transport equipment is upon a regimental footing. A small permanent force, chiefly artillery, takes care of forts and provides corps of instruction at the military schools where officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are trained. Higher instruction is provided at the Military College in Kingston. The Dominion is mapped into districts which are supervised from Headquarters at Ottawa; the whole is under the control of the Minister of Militia who is responsible to the people's representatives.

The reluctance with which colonial, like other people, embark on military expenditure is well known; in this case, the growth of expenditure is hopeful, if not satisfactory. Beginning with twenty cents. per head of the population, it rose to thirty about the time of the Fenian Raid, and to forty-one after the North-West Expedition. Last year it was sixty-eight, and the purpose now is to increase it to a dollar, which will yield about £1,200,000 a year. In a country such as Canada much can be done with £1,000,000 a year, owing to the military genius of her people; much has been done with less, for good authorities assure us that, if need came, she could mobilise

an army of three or four hundred thousand men, such as went to South Africa, without inconvenience. Still there is a growing sense among the people, arising chiefly from the late war, that her present provision for defence is inadequate, that she cannot be safeguarded from a distance of three thousand miles, that her main security, at least on land, must be found within herself, and that, for the purpose of due organisation on land and sea her expenditure must be increased three, if not four, times. The point for us is that the House of Commons' Resolution is being carried out, that it is proceeding on the lines of local defence, that local defence accords with the principle of local responsibility so dear to all the Colonies, and that, however admirable the vision of a single army controlled from the centre of Empire may be, it comes too late in the history of our people.

The same considerations apply, though in a less strict sense, to the Crown Colonies generally many of which, as, for instance, the Straits Settlements, now make provision for defence. The chief application of the principle will be found in India which would thereupon become the Empire's school of military science. She would gain largely, and the Empire would lose nothing, from leave given to recruit her white army in any part of his Majesty's possessions. Her saving in money, it is estimated, would amount to no less than £750,000 yearly, let us say, a capital sum of £30,000,000. At the same time, India, or the Asiatic group, marks the limit to which the principle could be pressed in Greater Britain; from that point it would require supplementing on the Imperial side. For instance, the many stations that dot the ocean and afford subsidiary bases for the Navy would fall to

the care of the Admiralty, and their expense, now rising to £3,000,000 a year, would be transferred to the common account. The Protectorates and Spheres of Influence, likewise, call for special treatment, and arrangements will be needed whereby the available force of the Empire may be brought to bear on any part in case of invasion or serious rebellion. Recent experience demonstrates how advantageous to all parties such an understanding would be. On the other hand, the frank adoption of local defence as an Imperial principle would facilitate both the making and working of the exceptional provisions, including the apportionment of cost.

But, it may be asked, is the system applicable to the heart of the Empire? It has special application here. In the first place, a part of the present outlay, a large part though difficult to determine with any degree of accuracy, is incurred not for home-defence but to supply India and the coaling-stations or Imperial outposts. This drain would cease and the monies be available for other uses. Again, the era of small expeditions, opening about the time of the House of Commons' Resolution, has come to an end, for the waste places of the earth have since been occupied. Like the Russians, we have been picking up "unconsidered trifles" but now find ourselves face to face with Great Powers. If this country were invaded or any portion of the Empire seriously attacked, let us say India or Canada, points which are territorially vulnerable and where the Army could render prime assistance, of what advantage would twenty thousand or seventy thousand men be, no matter how competent? Ten times the number would be needed. There must follow, therefore, a corresponding change in military organisation. The new Commission may consider the

question, whether the augmentation shall proceed on professional or non-professional lines, or be compounded of both elements; but the need of a vast increase in fighting force is evident, whether we look to home-defence or to the security of the Empire. The advocates of a National Militia, estimating the cost per man at £25 to £30 a year, tell us how we might have an army of five hundred thousand and save £15,000,000 a year, or an army of one million at the present outlay.

The Resolution of 1862 is supplemented by the Act of 1865 (28 Vict. c. 14) which enables the Colonies to provide for and control their coastal defence. What coastal defence may include in modern times on land and sea is an expert rather than a general question, and depends directly on the locality to be served. An important provision in the Act is that the local naval reserves are to be available for Imperial use. As one might expect from her position, Australia has made more use of the powers conferred than any other Colony, and has concluded an arrangement with the Admiralty which will entail an expense to the Commonwealth of £200,000 for the next ten years. Both India and Australia have done much to work out a practical scheme of naval defence applicable to the several colonial groups. In this connection, I may refer to the papers of Senator Matheson on the subject, for they show how needful coastal defences and a coastal defence force, including a naval reserve, are to the Colonies, and dissipate the idea that either would contravene the efficient working of a really Imperial navy.

A recent estimate of the Admiralty sets the cost of coastal defence for Australia at £367,000 a year. One battleship, four second-class cruisers, and sundry small craft are said to be

required in South Africa. Canada would need two squadrons, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and, if the Bagot-Marcy Convention were abrogated, a third on the Great Lakes. The seafaring population of the Dominion is large, her Atlantic fishermen numbering about fifty thousand, and the question of their training for defence is now engaging the attention of the Government.

Hitherto we have been considering the local side of the parliamentary division-line; what then shall we say of the Imperial side? It includes the remainder and consists primarily of the fighting force of the Navy and, as an adjunct, of the coaling-stations used as naval bases. In distinction to the guardianship of the coast, I take the fighting force of the Navy to include battleships, armoured cruisers, destroyers, and, for purposes of intelligence, either fast scouts specially built or steamships subsidised under Admiralty conditions. The following table gives a comparative view of the Empire's standing in this regard at the end of 1902. It embraces vessels building as well as built, but omits those which are more than twenty-five years old.

Countries	Battleships	Large Cruisers
Great Britain	58	72
France } ..	64 { 37 }	50 { 31 }
Russia } ..	27 }	19 }
Germany } ..	21 }	11 }
	Total 143	Total 133

Are we sufficiently safeguarded? There are contending theories. One party holds that a two-power standard is enough for all probable contingencies, that is, a Navy equal to the combined fleets of any two naval nations of the first class; another advocates a three-power standard;

both sides take fighting value as their test and not numbers merely. We need not enter into the discussion, but may proceed to consider what probable cost would be thrown on the Empire by the transference of Imperial protection, as already defined, to the common account.

The problem is a mixed one, including interest and capital, annual and permanent outlay, which should be reduced to terms of yearly payments. For this purpose, we may assume that the battleships number sixty and cost £1,000,000 each; that the proportion of cruisers to act with them is likewise sixty, according to the recommendation of the late Committee, and their average value £750,000; that they shall be accompanied by a similar number of destroyers worth £50,000 a piece; and that subsidised steamers, according to Lord Charles Beresford's suggestion, are utilised as scouts. To this one should add the present value of the coaling stations; but, as that point can scarcely be determined, I represent it by a nominal figure. The capital account to be transferred would then stand as follows:

60 battleships at £1,000,000 =	£60,000,000
60 cruisers " 750,000 =	45,000,000
60 destroyers " 50,000 =	3,000,000
Coaling stations or naval bases	65,000,000
Total...	£173,000,000

Yearly instalments at five per cent. will pay off the debt in a reasonable time, one half being reckoned for interest and the other as sinking fund. The separation of interests involved in dividing local from Imperial defence will afford a sound

basis for the operation of a sinking-fund. The amount coming to it yearly would be £4,375,000. If this sum, as it arises, were lent at two and a half per cent. to the Colonies for such defence works as they require, we should at once accumulate our fund on good security and fortify our Empire on terms that would not bear too heavily on his Majesty's subjects beyond the realm. But, passing this, the total payment on capital account would be £8,650,000. To this should be added a sum for maintenance, repairs, and so forth, but that I can only represent by a nominal figure in the following estimate, inasmuch as I have searched the public accounts in vain for the average yearly cost of a fully equipped and manned battleship, cruiser, and destroyer respectively.

Payment on capital account,	
interest and sinking fund ...	£8,650,000
Maintenance, etc. ...	8,600,000
Expense of Colonial Stations	3,000,000
Total...	£20,250,000

We may now collect the items of expenditure for the several Imperial purposes mentioned:

An Imperial Court ...	£127,000
" Services ...	1,500,000
" Subsidies ...	2,000,000
" Defence ...	20,250,000
Total...	£23,877,000

One may call it £24,000,000 in all, of which £3,500,000 have immediate bearing on commerce and are reproductive; the rest is regulative or protective.

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